

DATELINE

1963

Overseas Press Club of America

*around
the world*

*around
the clock*

*a UPI man
is at the scene*



United
Press
International



Focus on Youth

It is to the newer generation of overseas correspondents that DATELINE, 1963 is admiringly dedicated. The rules of the foreign reporting game have changed. Jet travel, the spread and clash of nationalism to the hitherto forgotten corners of the world, the increasing importance of economic and science news—all these things are transforming overseas coverage.

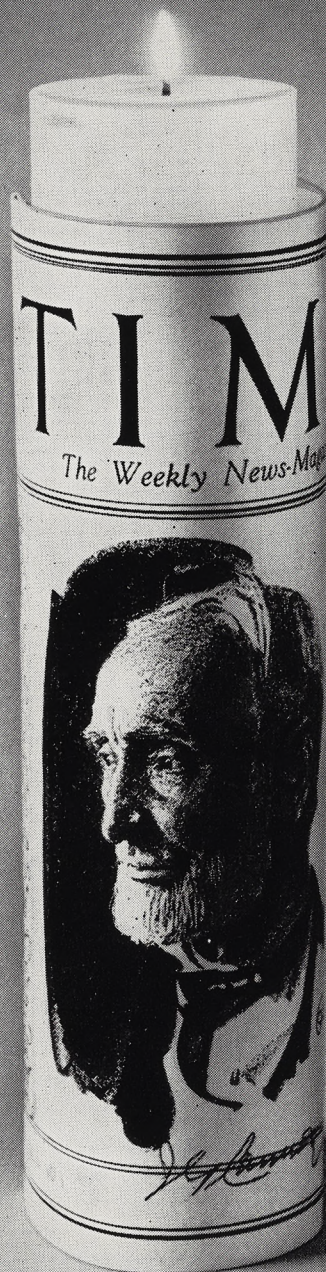
Through the typewriters of the men who do the job DATELINE, 1963 seeks to illustrate these changes. In short, on-the-spot articles, American newsmen overseas tell what is going on in their profession. DATELINE's editors deliberately shifted emphasis away from the traditional news capitals. They have sought out younger overseas newsmen. (The average age of our contributors is just: 40.) This issue is short on the nostalgia that is characteristic of most publications of its type. It is entirely concerned with what is going on today—and with tomorrow.

True, some veteran correspondents are represented on the following pages: Joe Grigg of UPI; Bill Ryan of AP; Si Freidin of the Trib; Dana Adams Schmidt of the Times. But they are the exceptions, not the rule; many of this year's contributors were in high school when the Overseas Press Club was founded in 1939. And it is to this younger generation of overseas newsmen—no less than to members of the World War II generation like myself—that the OPC must appeal if it is to carry on in its original spirit. It was for this reason that former OPC President Dick Johnston urged DATELINE'S editors to focus on youth and on change rather than on nostalgia. We have taken up his sound suggestion with enthusiasm.

At any rate, we think the experiences related on the following pages will help our readers understand the work and devotion involved in bringing to the breakfast table news of the churning, complicated overseas world. And if DATELINE's sidelights on historic — and sometimes tragic — events sound a bit lighthearted, mocking and facetious than seems appropriate, we can only recall the words of that grand old foreign correspondent, Rudyard Kipling:

*"I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth."*

James W. Michaels,
EDITOR
DATELINE, 1963



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DATELINE 1963

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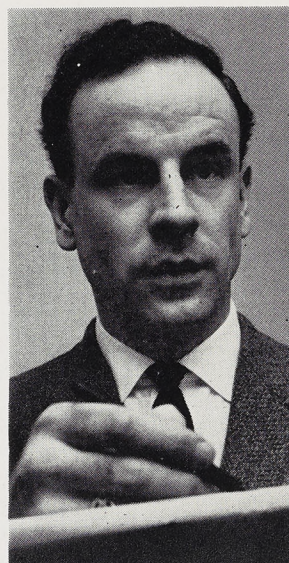
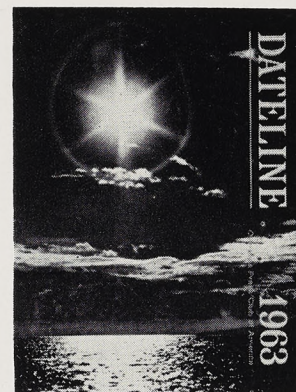
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THE EDITOR

Although he is now the editor of *Forbes Magazine*, it was as a foreign correspondent that DATELINE 1963 Editor James W. Michaels started his journalistic career. After working for the USIS in Bangkok, Thailand right after World War II, Michaels joined United Press International in Calcutta, later became the agency's bureau chief in New Delhi, from where he reported the bloody birth pangs of India's independence, the start of the still-smouldering Kashmir dispute and the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi. He is 41 and a graduate of Harvard.

THE COVER

Ed Wergeles, managing editor and art director of DATELINE 1963, caught in one photograph the world of sea, land and sky especially for DATELINE. Appropriately, the scene was recorded last year from a plane on the far side of the earth, between Hong Kong and The Philippines. Wergeles, an award-winning art director and photographer, is now art director of *Forbes Magazine*.



THE ARTIST

Joseph Papin, who drew DATELINE's chapter illustrations, has recorded with his pen such diverse subjects as bull-fighting in Portugal and the opera at Central City, Colo. He has illustrated the Washington and UN scenes, military and international affairs, medicine, finance, sports and industry. Born in St. Louis, Mo., Papin painted his way through Ohio State University with caricatures, portraits, and murals. During his Army service he made animated and other training films. A freelance since 1957, his work has appeared in *USIA's America Illustrated*, *Harper's*, *Newsweek*, *Business Week*, *The Reporter*, *American Heritage* and *Forbes*.



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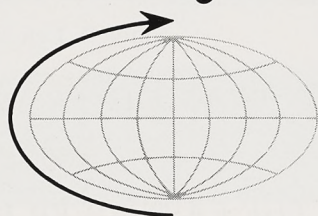
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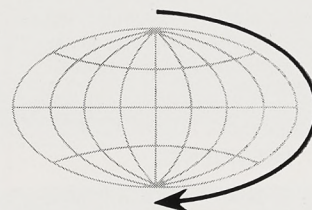
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Johnnys-on-the-spots



around the world



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AMERICA'S CUP TRIALS, AUGUST 24, 1962

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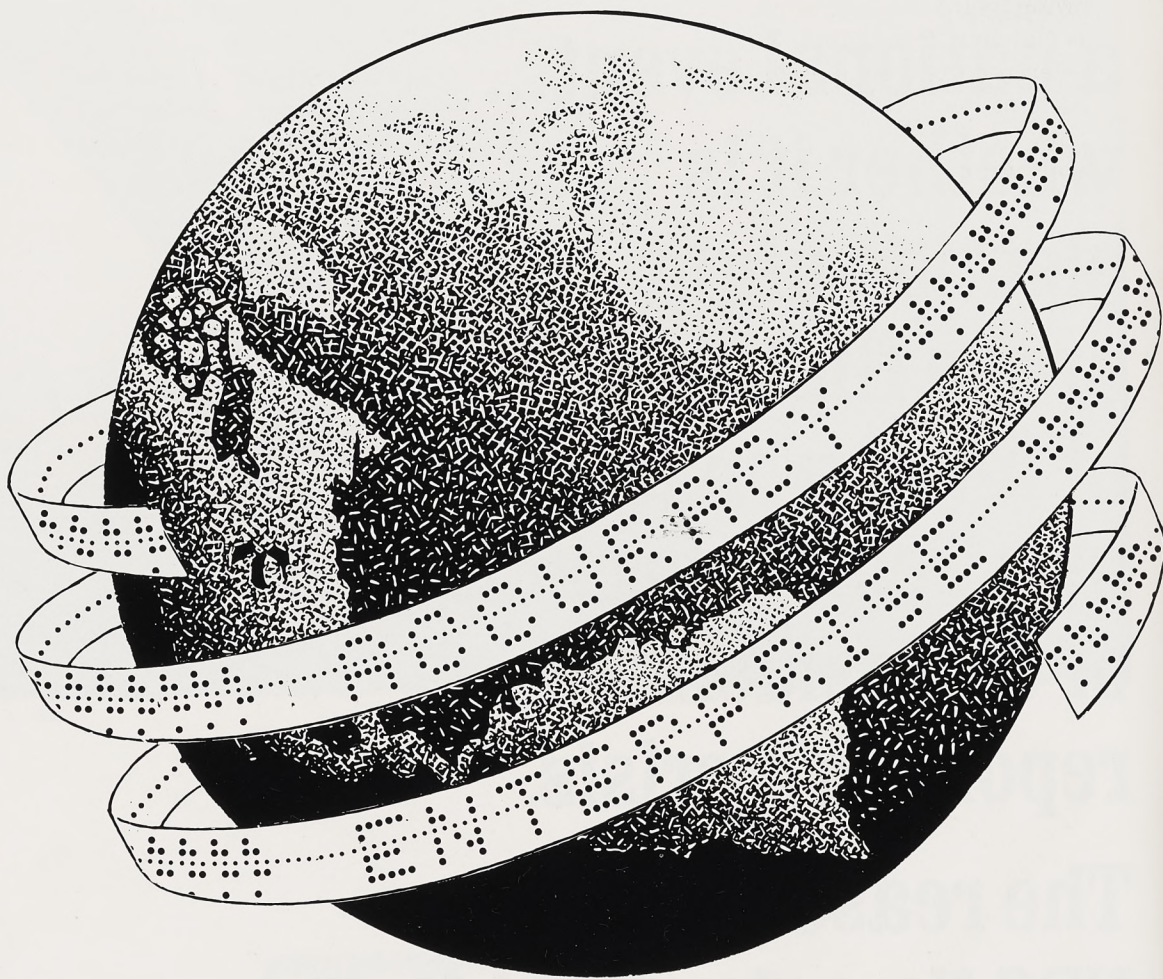
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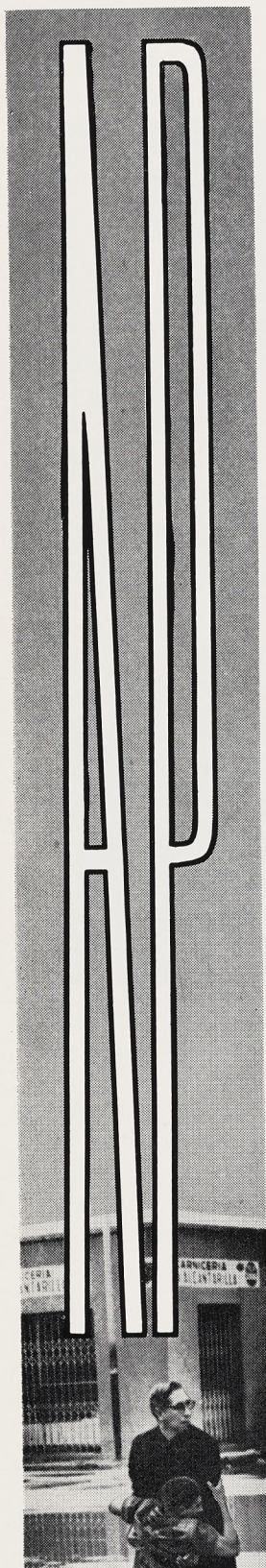
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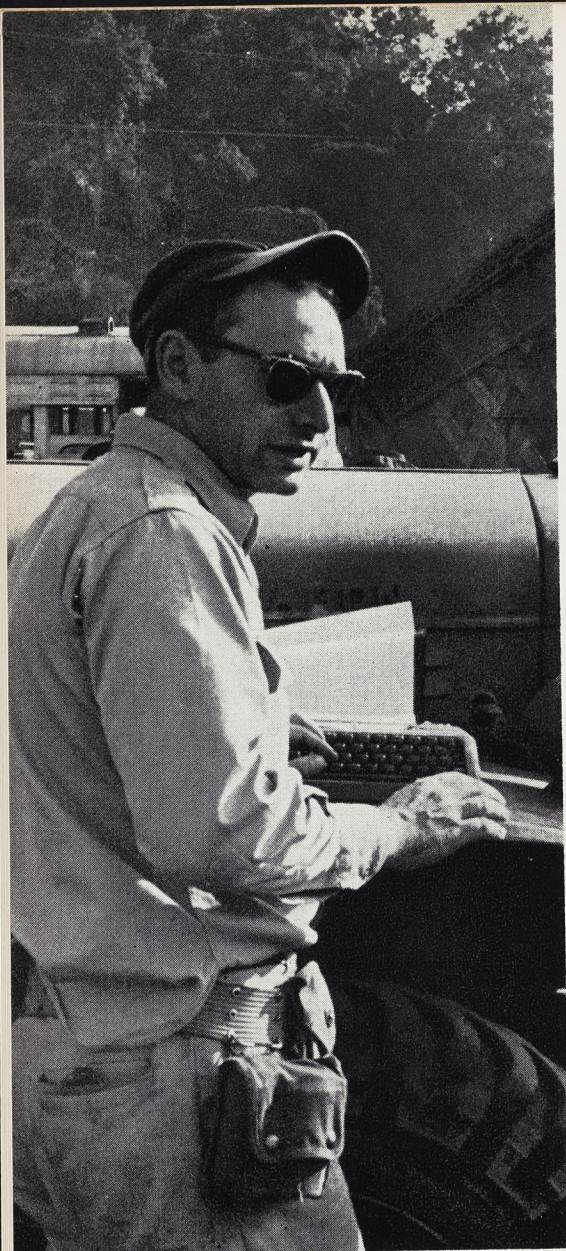


ENTERPRISE

THE INSTANT FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

Time was when a foreign assignment was an awesome thing. It meant saying goodbye to friends and relations for years, becoming, in effect, an expatriate. But the jet plane has changed this. So has the fact that news has a way today of erupting in the most unexpected places and not conveniently in Rome or Tokyo or London. Result: the instant foreign correspondent. The term belongs to NEWSWEEK's Hal Bruno who has found himself commuting on instant demand between Chicago and such assorted places as Natchez, Mississippi; Tezpur, India; and Havana. The term applies equally to the Associated Press' veteran correspondent William L. Ryan, who rarely knows whether he'll be taking the 6:11 to Greenwich, or the first jet to London on any given day. And, just to even things out, Seymour Freidin, the *New York Herald Tribune's* Executive Editor, Foreign, tells why he thinks the use of instant correspondents is all wrong; in a companion piece the Trib's Don Cook seconds Si's motion.





By Hal Bruno

A relative newcomer to overseas reporting, Hal Bruno is a member of NEWSWEEK's Chicago staff. He is a 1950 graduate of the University of Illinois and started his career with the Chicago City News Bureau. He went to India as a Fulbright scholar in 1956-57, and it was this background that led to his assignment covering the India-China border struggle.

The Instant Correspondent

On Friday you're in Minneapolis, covering the election campaign and trailing an eager young candidate across the Fifth congressional district. Monday morning, you're aboard a plane on the first leg of a long flight to Calcutta to cover the India-China border war. The problem is to shift gears, forgetting the Scandinavian names of the Minnesota candidates and concentrating instead on the correct spelling of remote villages in the Himalaya mountains.

As the world grows smaller, a reporter's beat gets bigger; and mine has ranged from Chicago's crime syndicate to small wars and big revolutions in Cuba, the Middle East and South Asia. Four times in five years, I've received a phone call from the office and within hours was on my way to lengthy assignments in places like Beirut, Havana and Tezpur.

On each flap you see the same faces; reporters who dropped whatever they were doing in Washington, New York or Chicago to become "instant foreign correspondents." The mechanical pre-requisites for the job include a valid passport, up-to-date shot record, assorted international credit cards, and a bottle of vioform tablets to ward off the ravages of "Delhi Belly," or whatever it's called in the place you're headed for.

It also requires some background preparation, for the opportunity to fall flat on your face is unlimited. Along with a lightweight typewriter and medicine bag, you need some basic knowledge about faraway places with strange sounding names. While covering the middle west from Chicago, a reporter also must keep up with the daily stories coming out of the Northeast Frontier Agency; always hoping that next week's assignment will be the big international crisis that's developing this week.

Still, it's 10,000 miles from Chicago, Illinois, to Tezpur, Assam. Though I previously had lived in India as a Fulbright student and correspondent, there were some cultural adjustments to be made as I settled in my tent, which had been pitched on the back lawn of the Tezpur public library. My board bed made the lumpy mattress of a Missouri motel seem like pure luxury. A steady diet of rice and curry is quite a jolt compared with the bland offerings of most Iowa restaurants. Contrasts like these

made Tezpur's thatched roofs and ripe odors all the more vivid.

But some things are the same everywhere in the world—things like politicians, bureaucrats and information officers. Only the names differ between India and the United States.

For example, a few weeks earlier, a Chicago civil defense official assured me that "everything" had been done to prepare the city for nuclear attack. When the Cuban crisis got hot, it turned out that "everything" was mostly on paper. There were no public shelters ready and the best advice was to head for the wide open country if any missiles flew in from Cuba.

In Tezpur, the civil defense organization staged impressive drills and said "plans are drawn" for defense against Chinese air raids. When a jeep went through the streets warning that an air attack was imminent, everyone blew town—including the fire brigade and most of the civil defense corps. That night, a fire near the railroad station became spectacular because the fire laddies and their CD trainees were on the far side of the Brahmaputra river. While watching a small section of town go up in flames, I asked a local official where his firemen were and he just shrugged his shoulders. It was the same shrug as when I asked the Chicago man where his air raid shelters had gone.

A month earlier, down in Natchez, Miss., official types insisted that no one was unduly worried about those chlorine gas tanks sunk in the river. The elaborate evacuation plans were only a precaution. But when you talked with people in the streets, many admitted they were scared to death.

Over in Tezpur, the district commissioner dropped by to tell us there was "absolutely no panic" as the Chinese army advanced over the mountains. Maybe he meant the Chinese weren't upset, because Tezpur town was in a state of hysteria. People were crowding around correspondents in the street, begging us to tell them what was happening.

We asked an Indian army information officer for some information. All he gave us was a stern warning not to write about a panic in Tezpur because, he said, there wasn't any. People were fleeing as fast as their bullock

carts would go, the jails and lunatic asylum had been opened, the town was filled with smoke from burning government records, and someone had set fire to a pile of 4 million rupees in front of the state bank. But, there wasn't any panic. Not much.

The saddest part is that the terror in Tezpur was unnecessary. The people really meant it when they told us they were willing to fight and die in Tezpur, if someone would only tell them what was going on. But no one in the Indian army or the civilian bureaucracy back in New Delhi showed any inclination to inform the newsmen in Tezpur—except to issue press releases that were 24 hours old. A correspondent attempting to reach the front was blocked at every turn. Peking radio became our best source of information and under these conditions panic was inevitable.

This led to some sad jokes as the reporters and photographers sipped warm beer in the abandoned Tezpur Club, a victorian hangout for visiting tea planters. Asked what was playing at the local theater tonight, the answer was: "'The Good Earth'—with the original cast."

Then the telegraph and telephone operators disappeared, leaving us with a great story and no easy way to get it out. For the next five days, copy left Tezpur aboard a plane evacuating the wounded or with a colleague who got fed up, jumped on the ferry boat and started for the telegraph line some 50 miles across the river. I sent one story via three different routes and all three copies eventually got through to London and New York. The cable charges on that one must have churned our auditor's stomach.

Unwittingly, I played a small roll in calming the terrified population as I strolled around the almost deserted city. I was wearing a baseball cap, faded kahki shirt and pants, and my old U.S. army pistol belt, which carried my G.I. canteen, vioform and telephoto lens. When some of the refugees began coming back, we asked one old man why he had returned to Tezpur. He nodded at me and said: "I heard the American army was here."

As it turns out, the Chinese didn't want Tezpur and called for a cease fire. But for a few minutes, it was nice to think that my dirty old clothes had turned the tide of battle.



DATELINE: NEW YORK

Where to Tonight?

I've often had the feeling I could start an international crisis by just buying a monthly commutation ticket on the New Haven Railroad.

"Things," I've said to myself every once in a while, "are going to be quiet for a while now. I'll just settle down for a nice, long stay at home, commuting back and forth between Connecticut and New York like any other respectable citizen of the suburbs."

It seldom happens that way. For some years, now, I've rarely been able to use up a whole month's commutation ticket. I'm a product—or maybe a victim—of the

age, a sort of jet-propelled journalist.

The jet picks you up in New York and deposits you in Europe, sleepless, on a brand new morning. Or you leave Europe in the afternoon and get home the same afternoon, with your system all out of whack. You may be wintered-in one freezing morning and dripping in sweltering tropics the same afternoon. You may be among nice, rational people one night and among howling lunatics the next morning. Your social life is shot to blazes. You make no dates in advance, because the chances are you'll never be able to keep them.

With the coming of the jet, you are just a day or less away from almost any crisis, and in recent years there seems to have been a never-ending supply of crises. You keep a bag at least partially packed all the time. You don't bother to empty your kit of toiletries when you get home. You just leave it in the bag for the next time.

Your passport is always up to date and always within easy reach.

You begin to get a guilty feeling that maybe you're an albatross. Your destinations usually are where there is trouble, and when you arrive, the lads on the scene look at you with deep suspicion. They have reason.

Too many times I have been on hand just in time for the fireworks to explode. I was in Indochina just in advance of the battle of Dien Bien Phu; in eastern Europe when the Hungarian revolution broke, in the Middle East a day before the Lebanese Rebellion erupted, in Cuba just in advance of Fidel Castro's triumph, and so on.

DATELINE: NEW YORK

By Seymour Freidin

Now 46, the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE's Si Freidin has been a foreign correspondent for nearly 20 years. Si joined the TRIB in 1936 as a copyboy, became a foreign correspondent in 1944. He eyewitnessed the fall of Berlin and, because he went there without waiting for permission from the military, had his credentials briefly lifted. Freidin somehow survived the rebuff, went on to cover Central Europe for the TRIB and later became chief of its Rome bureau. A few years ago, he left the TRIB to freelance, rejoining the paper as Executive Editor (Foreign) early in 1962.



What Does It Prove?

Maybe it's maudlin middle-age that makes me inordinately suspicious of the jet-set style in foreign reporting these days. I don't like it.

Further, I don't think that it proves anything to send a man from Police Headquarters to the Congo in a few hours, except for the speed of the airline. Any editor who thinks he can dump a reporter—even a first-class one—from midtown into the boondocks without preparation is chasing a frustrating illusion.

Sure, you get itchy when something big breaks and a convenient jet carrier looks so handy. Your man can be there in a few hours. So, you tell yourself. All right: Drop him there. I'm not talking of wars or flare-ups in which this country sometimes finds itself.

That's difficult enough for a seasoned correspondent to handle, even with the proliferation of facilities our government often provides. Dealing with highly neuralgic, violently upset foreign regimes is a lot different—and heart-breaking.

You're lucky, you say, that your man got to Outer Ruritania in less than a day. But, you may not hear from him the next ten days. If you do, it'll be tired and not at all what you expected.

Or, as happened in Leopoldville: Being a telex puncher and a punching bag for the locals blew the main gaskets of one reporter. He quit. He's back in midtown now. Won't go near an airlines office. I don't even wonder why.

"Here's bad luck," said one of the locals when I appeared in Brazil in the spring of 1961. "Something's bound to happen."

Sure enough, it did. That was when a bunch of Portuguese rebels hijacked the Portuguese luxury liner Santa Maria, headed her for Brazil and provided one of the craziest, most hectic weeks in recent journalistic history.

The jet-journalist is spoiled for any other kind of travel. I have ridden just about every kind of conveyance there is. I've hooked rides with warships and tugboats.

I've ridden hurricane hunters and troop transports (all got up in Mae West and parachute). I've careened over mountain roads in jeeps and have even ridden a donkey. (Poor little fellow, he kept looking back sadly and resentfully at my not inconsiderable bulk on his back, and seemed to be saying "you big lug, I should be riding on you.")

But no matter what you're means of transportation, you've been turned into an impatient bundle of nerves with anything but a jet. All the rest is too slow. Stepping into a propeller-driven plane seems like stepping back into the middle ages.

It's always good to know that the jet can get you there swiftly, and it's even better to know it can get you home just as swiftly. You're always glad to get home.

There's one wonderful thing about being a jet-journalist, though. It's the feeling that there are few countries in this world where you don't have friends.



By William L. Ryan

William L. Ryan, Associated Press News Analyst, started country-hopping in 1946, when he was 36. Since then he has visited 64 different countries. As befits a jet journalist, Ryan speaks Russian, German, French and Spanish. Ryan got to the top of his profession the long, hard way. After graduating from the American School of Banking, he decided newspapering was for him. He started on the old NEW YORK WORLD, became a sports editor and later political reporter for the Macy-Westchester newspapers. Ryan joined the Associated Press in 1943, moved to the foreign desk a year later.

DATELINE: PARIS

The Seats Are Too Narrow

The faster the jet age the narrower the seats—and the more I like to travel around Europe by train.

This is not just the problem of a physical spread which, after seventeen years of German beer and French cooking is now getting a little difficult to stuff into eighteen inches which they allow you on an airplane. To me a train ride in Europe remains an essential part of the contemplative process of arriving on a story.

Of course, it is not always possible. In this profession more often than not you've got to sail in fast and hard. But one of the troubles of the jet age is that it tends to impart to all kinds of news the same elements of speed and impact, so that things tend to get out of proportion for reporters, editors and readers. Today a man tosses from Berlin to Algeria in a matter of hours. Often the results are dazzling. But is it good journalism?

I don't know. But I have an instinctive feeling that the "breathless quality" which the jet age has brought to so much of the news these days is bad for writing, bad for reporting and bad for an informed public opinion. I think there is too much mistaking motion for action in the reporting business today—the idea that getting there fastest with the mostest adverbs and adjectives is getting the story.

It seems to me that the very fact of the speed-up of the jet age tends to make more substantive and contemplative reporting and writing all the more important and vital to newspaper readers. And I think too that in

this regard newspaper writing does not assume nearly as high an intelligence on the part of readers as it should; it is far too hamstrung by conventions of style and cautions of editorializing which simply defeat the objective of informing the public.

So getting on a train in Europe to me offers all kinds of happy bonuses. First of all the trains are very good. The roadbeds are smooth, the compartments comfortable, the food is usually excellent. For hours no telephone interrupts you. You can get a lot of reading done. You can go over the file of subject material you are about to encounter. You experience the realities of borders and language changes, of scenery and atmosphere which you miss by air. And then you arrive feeling that you have really travelled to do the job, instead of just gone up and come down.

But unfortunately, most of the time I travel by jet!

By Don Cook

Don Cook, who shares his editor's suspicion of jet journalism, is a Bridgeport (Conn.) boy who joined the HERALD TRIBUNE in Washington in 1943, went overseas two years later. He is now the TRIB's London bureau chief. Cook started his career as a copyboy in St. Petersburg, Fla.



at
the
edge
of
darkness is the beginning of light

Every frontier is the boundary of the unknown, fraught with the challenge of change. There are frontiers as real and as challenging in the day-to-day economic life of our country as on the borders of space or the wastes of the Antarctic.

In the management of industry, the pressure of the usual is intense; the accustomed ways seem safe because they are so familiar.

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By facing directly into the dark heart of the problems, we have begun to find some of the answers.

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111 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

INGENUITY: A CONSTANT OF THE TRADE

While much else has changed in foreign corresponding, one thing remains constant: a premium on ingenuity. Here three correspondents—The New York Times' Dana Adams Schmidt, UPI's James Whelan, NBC's Piers Anderton—tell how they used their wits and their nerve to score "beats" on difficult stories. And AP's Richard O'Regan describes one effective technique for dealing with Communist bureaucracy.





DATELINE:
SOMEWHERE IN IRAQ

Mullah Mustafa al-Barzani, leader of the Kurdish forces fighting for autonomy in Iraq. Mullah Mustafa, a militant anti-Communist (he is credited with purging pro-Communist elements from his Democratic party), has recently received support from the Kremlin.

He Learned About Mules

It's always true that the only way to find out for sure is to go there and get it first hand. This truth is more than usually apparent in the Middle East which lives on two levels: the world of real facts, acts and intentions, and the world of words. And it is illustrated dramatically and tragically in the case of the Kurds—a people almost totally isolated, smothered, one might say, beneath the blanket of the ill-will of the Turks, Persians and Arabs who surround them and among whom they are divided.

In September, 1961 the Kurds who live in Iraq revolted. A good many yarns of nonsense were written about their revolt. But almost no authentic information could be had. Because the Iraqi authorities kept the Kurdish area isolated, and the Turks, Syrians and Iranians sealed their borders against anyone who would penetrate the area in revolt. No reporter could get to the rebellious Kurds and their leader Mustafa Barzani.

Then in May, 1962 a secret emissary from Barzani made his way to Beirut where he made contact with the Western press. He invited them to come and see for themselves. He would provide guides and guards, interpreters, transportation, etc.

Although the Kurds are now negotiating with the Iraqi government I still do not want to tell the whole story of how we got into the territory controlled by Barzani. The fighting might start up again.

However, I may say that I left Beirut July 4th and returned September 1st. In the intervening period I learned that I could walk and ride a good deal farther

DATELINE: CARACAS, VENEZUELA

No Publicity Please

Not so long ago, the meticulous assistant manager of the UPI bureau here turned in the following expense account:

"Por concepto de arepas con carne y queso, para la guardia policial frente a la ofician, Bs 12."

(For meat and cheese turnovers, for the police guard outside the office, 12 bolivares.)

The gentleman's precision in specifying that the arepas were not just the plain-old cornbread variety but harbored in their leaden embrace ground meat and cheese was funny—then. But that was in January, 1963, and the police guard outside the UPI bureau continues, and continues to consume arepas con carne and queso at the rate of \$2.64 per shift.

That also points up one of the facts of a newsman's life in the more turbulent capitals of Latin America: newsmen, U.S. newsmen, are potentially big newsmakers for the headline-hungry terrorist gangsters waging their relentless and vicious war against struggling democracies.

Two years ago, following the April, 1961, Bay of Pigs

invasion, an armed group invaded the UPI offices here on a Saturday night, smashed equipment, beat up three employees and left after painting pro-Castro slogans on the walls. The English-language newspaper, "The Daily Journal," has been twice raided by communist or Castro-ite bandits.

The government is clearly aware that an attack on a U.S. news agency is a cheap passport to damaging publicity abroad, and has always taken measures to defend the news bureaus during times of tension here. But only in the past few months has the vigilance been permanent, around-the-clock—a reflection of the fact that as the government progressively wins the war of violence in the shadows, the terrorists become more desperate in their tactics.

U.S. newsmen here find themselves in the unwanted role of newsmakers in still another sense.

During the hours following the theft of five modern paintings from a French exposition here in January, the UPI was singled out by the thieves as their go-between with the government. It was a genuine cloak-and-dagger operation, that began with an anonymous telephone call instructing us to rummage through a trash barrel in the adjoining Plaza Candelaria "for an important message."

Returning from a fruitless search, we received still a second call.

"We wanted to see," the anonymous caller said, "whether you would follow our instructions. Now you will find the message in the trash barrel under the big

than I had suspected, and a lot about mules, a great deal more about mules than I wanted to know. We traveled mostly by night to avoid air attack, but nonetheless got into several bombings and machine gunnings.

Most of the time we slept on the straw and clay roofs of houses in the villages until the moon came up; then traveled until the sun rose. Then we would take cover under trees or rocks—a slow way to make progress. So we were tempted to keep going and to hell with the airplanes.

Thousands of villagers were spending their days in caves, returning to their villages only at night, if the villages were still there. We saw many scores of villages burned to the ground or partly damaged.

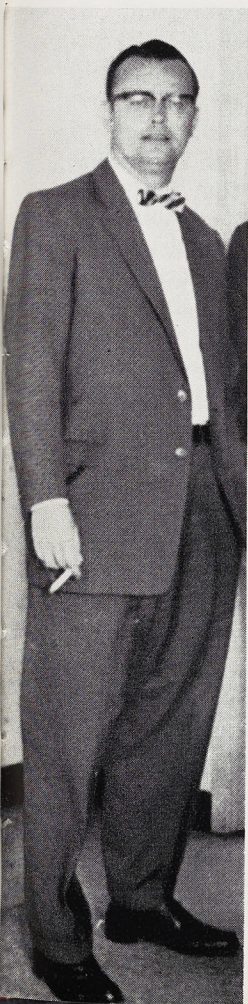
At one point we got into an area of active fighting and my guides would not let me go on. I spent thirteen agonizing days hiding out on the banks of the Zab river. Agonizing because I was totally out of communication, unable to tell the Times or my family what had become of me. In the end the ones who suffered the real hardship were my family who worried. My hardship consisted mainly in combatting the intestinal germs which thrive in the food available in these parts. The food is plentiful and sometimes quite tasty—mutton, yoghurt, rice, chicken, fruit—but I lived pretty much on toasted bread, tea and sulfa guanidine.

Meanwhile I grew very fond of the Kurds. They are a brave and gentle people. I was glad to see them again at the end of February when Mustafa Barzani began negotiating with the new government in Iraq. On a small scale my experiences of last summer were repeated all over again. ■

By Dana Adams Schmidt



A NEW YORK TIMES man for 20 years, Dana Adams Schmidt first went overseas on a Pulitzer traveling scholarship following his graduation from the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia. He joined the United Press in Berlin and later did assignments in Turkey and the Balkans. Schmidt came to THE TIMES as a World War II correspondent attached to Allied Force Headquarters in Algiers. Since the war Schmidt has covered the State Department beat in Washington, done a stint at the United Nations. In 1961 he was sent abroad again, this time to cover the Middle East. He was educated at Western Reserve Academy in Ohio and Pomona College in California.



By James R. Whelan

James R. Whelan came to his post as United Press International manager for Venezuela by way of his hometown of Buffalo, N. Y., where he joined the UP in 1952 after graduating from the University of Buffalo. He later served as bureau manager in Providence, Rhode Island and night news editor in the Boston Bureau. Just 31, Jim Whelan typifies the younger generation of foreign correspondents: his first foreign assignment was in Buenos Aires, when he was 26.

saman tree." The message was there—but so were the police, who seized the message (we were permitted to copy the text and file the story) and on the basis of fingerprints found on it, arrested the theft ringleader the following day.

Two days later, our anonymous caller was at it again.

"Stay alert," he said. "We are returning the paintings today to a prominent personage."

The story was filed, and the authorities notified. Shortly after 6 that afternoon, Interior Minister Carlos Andres Perez called.

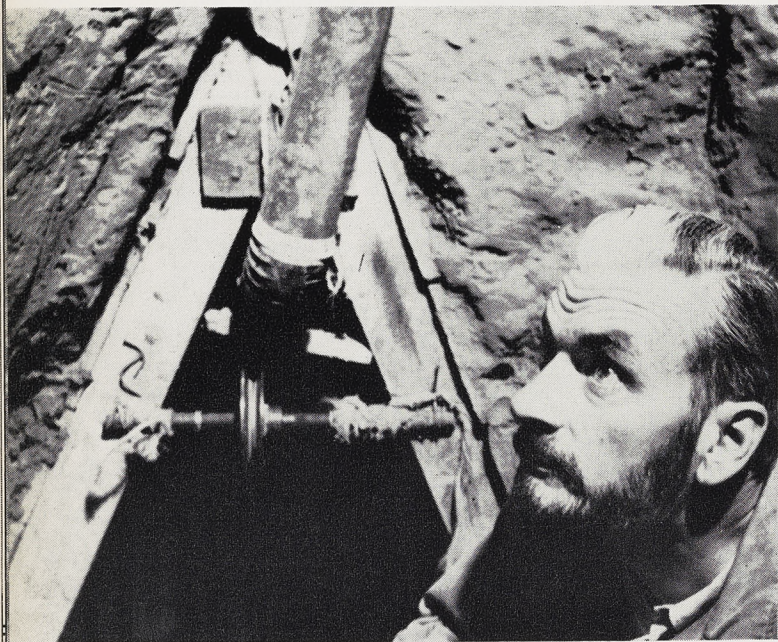
"We've got the paintings—thanks to your tip. I can't give you any details, because the squad car is reporting to me right now." Whereupon he held the phone to the short-wave radio, and we flashed a considerable beat "directly" from the scene.

The minister later told us that after receiving our call, he drew up a list of likely "candidates" to receive the paintings, and staked out each of their homes. Number one on his list was the unsuspecting politician where the thieves were ambushed.

We thanked the minister, and he thanked us—and we asked an additional favor: no publicity, please. Times were too ticklish for taking any bows of that kind.

"That," the minister said, "will remain one of those stories that is never told."

Now, it has been. But then, we have been emboldened by a couple hundred dollars invested in arepas con carne y queso. ■



By Piers Anderton

NBC's Pier Anderton brings an impressive journalistic background to his job as the network's Bonn correspondent. A 1938 graduate of Princeton, Anderton worked 15 years on the CHRONICLE in his native San Francisco. He spent four World War II years in navy intelligence, returned to the CHRONICLE where he became telegraph editor. In 1954 Anderton won a Nieman fellowship, studied history at Harvard, after which he joined COLLIER'S magazine. After COLLIER'S folded, he joined NBC news, drawing the Chet Huntley news unit as his first assignment. He first went overseas in 1961 when he was 42.

For four months, Gary Stindt, NBC's European news film chief, and I worked on the most difficult story I have reported in 23 years of news work. It turned out to be the most extraordinarily successful story I have ever worked on. It began last winter in Berlin when all the news media were trying to get eyewitness stories of the resistance organizations which were rescuing refugees from East Berlin.

Gary and I put out feelers to contact one of these groups. But our contact had to be with a group which would allow us to film a complete rescue operation. For radio I did eyewitnesses and interviews on such rescues; but we had almost given up hope of the television possibilities, when one Saturday in May, Gary was contacted by a student friend and told to go to the Galerie Bremer, a bar off the Kurfuerstendamm, that night.

There we met a group of students who were to become practically our roommates for the next four months. The following night I went to one of West Berlin's largest apartment houses and met the rest of the group. I was told that I, and I presume Gary, would be killed or, at best, badly wounded if we betrayed what we were to see and hear.

What we heard was that this group of engineering students was building the largest and most elaborate and daring tunnel in Berlin's history of refugee rescues. It ran underneath one of West Berlin's busiest and best-known streets and was to be 140 yards long which would place its break-through point far inside East Berlin.

The next morning I was picked up by the leaders of the group we had contacted. They were the organizers and the hardest workers on the tunnel. They drove me in a Volkswagen truck with cardboarded windows to a half-ruined building where we parked in a rear courtyard. We climbed five flights of stairs in the intact part of the building, passed through a long attic, and climbed down five flights in the ruined part.

Finally we reached a stone cellar of seven rooms and a long hallway which ended in a hole in the concrete floor, eight feet across and eight feet deep. Stretching away from the bottom of this shaft was a tunnel which was already 30 yards long, and already well-engineered with wooden supports every foot of the way, a steel rail and boards along its floor for a dirt cart to run on, and electric wiring along the walls. There was, later, even an air conditioning system.

I crawled the 30 yards, turned around and decided this was it. Within three weeks Gary had organized a camera crew consisting of NBC News cameraman Peter Dehmel and his brother Klaus. For the next 12 weeks the brothers

would be lying on their stomachs and/or backs in the tunnel filming it as it progressed under the Wall along the border, under the Death Zone behind the Wall, and on toward a house more than a block inside East Berlin which, within a few weeks, was to be the rendezvous with several score refugees.

In June the tunnel started flooding. The Dehmels were now lying on their stomachs and backs in a foot or so of water. The camera was wrapped in a plastic bag with just the lens and the view finder peeking out. Every three minutes Peter had to change his roll of film. Out of the 16,000 feet of film shot only 100 feet was spoiled by dirt or water.

Finally the tunnel was too flooded for filming. For three weeks we sat wondering whether to call off our project—but the tunnelers never lost confidence in their project. At the end of June the broken water main was fixed, the tunnel pumped out and the digging and filming started again. Now we were under the Death Zone. We could hear the Communist police talking overhead. We wondered if they could hear the sound of the spades and the whirring of the Arriflex camera beneath.

In July a second flood worse than the first—another three weeks of indecision until that one dried. All during this time, and for the rest of the time, only four NBC News employees knew where the tunnel was—Gary, the Dehmels and I. In New York only three NBC News people knew of the project—Executive Vice President Bill McAndrew, Vice President Julian Goodman and producer Reuven Frank. But they didn't know the location of the tunnel or many other details.

We could not communicate by telephone or telegraph so Reuven Frank flew to London or Paris to talk to us. Meanwhile the project went forward. By now the couriers were going over to East Berlin to contact the refugees—this we filmed. The leader of the tunnelers was rushed to the hospital with appendicitis—this we filmed. And all the time Peter and Klaus were filming the nightmarish digging in the tunnel never knowing when the Communist police would open a hole above and pour bursts of machine-gun fire or clouds of gas into the tunnel.

On September 13th the tunnel was 140 yards long and was underneath the house in East Berlin fixed for the rendezvous with the refugees. We waited 24 hours until the contacts were completed. At noon on the 14th Peter and Klaus went to the tunnel with their cameras and lights. Gary and I waited in the office. We could not go near the scene because now security was the strictest of the whole four months. At 1:00 a.m. on the 15th the Dehmel brothers returned. Twenty-six refugees had escaped through the tunnel that night.

A day later we screened the film of those escapes. The resulting program called "The Tunnel" was broadcast on NBC-TV on December 10, 1962. ■

"We'll Tell You In Due Course"

Diplomats say there is little chance of a revolt against communism in Romania. But correspondents who invaded Romania for the visit of Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev last June staged a rebellion of a sort that may bring improvements for future visits by Western newsmen.

The Romanian foreign office tried hard on the preparations. Correspondents were met on arrival, escorted to the best hotel in Bucharest, and a special sleeper was laid on that was to follow Khrushchev on his tour.

But that was the extent of the arrangements. What were Khrushchev's plans? "We'll tell you in due course" was the reply. The information did come—but sometimes only minutes before each event.

When would the train leave and depart? "We don't know but you will be told." The result—one magazine correspondent was left behind in his swimming shorts at the Black Sea.

Will there be telephones? "There will be communications," was the response. It took 16 hours for one cable from a town in the provinces to Paris. At one town, there were only two phone lines and Soviet correspondents had priority on their use.

The confusion in 100-degree heat could not last long. A New York Times correspondent refused to budge from one tiny postoffice until he got a line to file his story—and the officials finally held up the train.

At the end, we were a band of 30 bearded and unwashed correspondents. But our beefing apparently had some effect, for matters improved considerably toward the finish of Mr. K's visit. ■

By Richard O'Regan

At 43, Richard A. O'Regan is a veteran of 26 years in the news business, 17 of them as a foreign correspondent. Born in Boston but educated in England, Dick O'Regan worked for British papers in London and Manchester before going home to join the Philadelphia Bulletin in 1939. O'Regan switched to the United Press in 1943 as cable desk editor, moved over to AP two years later. Shortly after joining the AP, O'Regan was assigned to Europe, where he assisted in covering such top stories as the military occupation of Germany, the Nuremberg trials and the Berlin blockade. Later he served in Vienna, travelled in Eastern Europe. In the course of all this he has, not surprisingly, mastered both German and French plus a fair smattering of Russian. O'Regan now heads AP's operations in Germany as Chief of bureau there.



The New York Times News Service covers the world with a daily news-report-in-depth

that readers and editors everywhere agree is second to none.

SHOOTING WARS

Foreign correspondents had ample opportunity to duck bullets in a series of hot, little wars. The hottest was in Viet Nam, reported on here by a NEW YORK TIMES man and a CBS staffer. A TIME Magazine writer gives an account of the bloody fighting in Yemen. A TIMES man and a UPI staffer describes Round Two in Katanga.





Formidable obstacles faced Western newsmen who even tried to get into Yemen, let alone reach battle lines. One who succeeded was Time Correspondent George de Carvalho. He cabled his report on a 23-day trek in which he crossed the peaks, plateaus and wadis from Aden to the Saudi Arabian border, traveling 1,000 miles by camel, donkey, car and shoe leather. Here is his story.

Within two minutes of getting atop the ridgeline—to shoot pix—two Egyptian 105 MM guns opened up and airbursts exploded viciously a few yards overhead. Two adjoining Yemenis got hit with shrapnel bits in skull, face and legs—bloody enough for six or eight weeks hospitalization by U.S. Army Standards. We slid downhill but annoyed Yemenis crept around the flank to open rifle fire. 'Don't move back now,' the Sheik said, 'because the Egyptians will start mortaring our route back.' Sure enough within minutes four salvos of four heavy mortar shells each whistled overhead and slammed into the hillside. Wounded walked back to a wadi for water to wash off blood. They didn't have Bandaids or an aspirin: nature heals light wounds and the badly wounded attain paradise. Next day in Wadi Habbab we encountered putrefying Egyptian paratroops, some partly eaten by dogs.

In a later engagement we were on a cliff-edge bluff flattened into a gently rolling plateau littered with little rocks but no real cover. Just ahead were two dead Yemenis and 400 yards ahead about 40 more crawling around three dug-in rock-roofed Egyptian machinegun nests. Three dead Egyptians sprawled outside one machinegun position—overrun and silenced.

Two other machineguns about a quarter-mile apart were burning out their barrels with belting bursts of fire at tribesmen less than 100 yards away. Obviously the Yemenis were overrunning the Egyptian first line of defense in this sector. They weren't pinned down but slithering around rocks on both flanks.

About eight hundred yards beyond three TT54 tanks were skylines on slight hill dotted with more dug in Egyptian positions. Two Yaks, looping in bright blue sky, were strafing at deck height more Yemenis about mile away but invisible behind hill. They were also get-

ting plastered by mortars and the tank guns but nothing heavy came our way: Yemenis attacking here were right on top of two hapless remaining machinegun positions.

Ground around us was so open we crawled forward about fifty yards and wedged into stones. Machinegun bursts zipped over very high and we seemed safe enough. With me were two escorts provided by Prince Abdullah — 'They're my bravest men and with them you're safe anywhere — and two whod come with me all the way from Harib, blue eyed Mohammed Ali Talib twenty six and shrimp sized Abdul Wahab Mahmud fourteen both killed there that day.

As we watched half dozen Yemenis flanking left machinegun ripped up and ran forward snap shooting. Right machinegun ripped at them and dropped one but they kept going and within seconds three Egyptians, the left gun crew, starting running out. Yemenis barely yards away shot all three down.

It took nearly an hour to get the last machinegun. When the Yemenis charged close up, trapped Egyptians tossed out a couple of hand grenades but were shot in their hole. One Yemeni came crawling back with grenade fragments in his left chest [Ali Ibn Ali Saylan, thirtyish, who said: 'I felt explosion tearing open my chest but I leaped forward and fired straight into them.'].

Attacking Yemenis began crawling and leap frogging slowly toward the hill ahead. Within minutes tank guns swivelled around and slammed vicious airbursts all over the area.

Suddenly Mahmud jumped up and ran forward. This little kid had picked up some hand grenades from dead Egyptians at Wadi Habbab. He didn't even know how to pull the pin. I told him 'Don't play around. If you want to throw grenades, throw them at Egyptians.' That's what he went to do.

'Go get him back,' I asked one of Abdullahs escorts, Mohammed Abdullah Ibn Alam, twenty-two. 'Let him fight,' Alam said but he went crawling cautiously. Last I saw Mahmud alive he was running like mad towards those three tanks. They were firing both cannon and machine guns. I couldn't see the boy any more.

Next time I saw Alam he was in a cave on the cliff

edge that evening. He had a tank bullet through his thigh bone and was hurting badly. 'It's not your fault,' he said. 'That boy Mahmoud was very brave. He charged the tanks with his hand grenades and was shot to pieces. I pulled back his body and then went after the tanks with the others. After dark we set one on fire but another one hit me.' He was carried to the cave and moaned and groaned all night along side me.

Before nightfall my other escort from Harib, Father Talib, companion of many days' travel, father of two and fervent Royalist from Sanaa, was killed by a Yak fighter. I was trying to make pictures of Yak strafing tribesmen less than a half mile ahead—with closest Egyptian gun positions wiped out, our area was open season—when a pilot peeled off and came straight at us. From less than a hundred yards up he opened up with four machine guns. Fifty calibre slugs rattled and whistled all around and ricochets screamed off the rocks. I flattened and shrunk very small. Seconds later it was over and I was feeling very pleased when I heard Talib gasping. One big slug hit him at hairline and big gobs of bloody brains were oozing out over his forehead.

We were pinned there all afternoon by one kind of fire or another but Talib stayed alive, glazed eyes wide-

open, mouth frothing bloodily. Breath coming in gasping sobs. When dusk came he was somehow still breathing but Yemenis took his shoes, watch, dagger and rifle. (He was very proud of his shoes. Yemeni rarity which he carried in his hands when hiking.)

'He doesn't need them anymore,' the others said. During the night he finally died. Five days later Yemenis mopped up all Elargoup.

Once, miles from the front, a bullet zipped past as I walked alone towards our team ahead. I flattened and another bullet whistled by. Our escorts began shouting and then a Yemeni woman, rifle in hand, emerged from the brush. 'I thought he was an Egyptian,' she explained. Yemenis wear sarongs and the only pants-wearing people he knows about are Egyptians. She hates them so she started shooting at your trousered correspondent.

When we reached Jebel Ellouse—best observation point over front and Sanaa—I just couldn't believe anybody less than Hillary was expected to climb it: sheer rock slabs soaring thousands of feet high. Tribesmen from kids to graybeards ran up like mountain goats. For me it was leadfooted lungbursting misery but view was worth it: Sanaa." ■

By George de Carvalho

TIME Magazine's Beirut Bureau chief George de Carvalho, a man who covers an area of more than five million square miles, requires a suitcase that is always packed. In one of his most recent assignments, the revolution in Yemen, he spent more time dodging Egyptian gunfire than he did sending back cables to the home office in New York. De Carvalho, 42, was born in Hong Kong as a British national and is now a U.S. citizen. He began newspaper work in 1938 with the San Francisco CHRONICLE, joined TIME in 1954. Before taking his present Middle East post he was a correspondent in Paris, Rome and London and bureau chief in Rio de Janeiro for three years. (Carvalho is below center in white shirt.)



Anybody Seen A Montagnard?

You don't call montagnards on the telephone, nor do you have them to dinner and slip them on the expense account (water buffalo feet sauted, \$7.95), nor meet them at the eighth floor Caravelle hotel bar for a drink. Montagnards are where you find them, and sadly you only find them in the mountains, so far in the boondocks that even the Vietnamese are inclined to look on it as alien territory. (The Vietnamese, I think, are a bit depressed by the insistence of American personnel on spending so much time in the mountains; it tends to convince the Vietnamese that Americans too are a bit primitive.)

Anyway if you go after montagnards you don't walk; you climb. The last time Horst Faas, the Associated Press photographer and I (Horst is the definitive photographer of the montagnards, sort of a highlands Bachrach) went after them, it took us eight days to find some and do the story. Eight days is admittedly a long time to spend on a story, but with montagnards there is no short cut.

So we went up to Ban Me Thuot which is near the big center for montagnard training—at Boun Enau. Ban Me Thuot is an attractive place. In the old colonial days when the Emperor Bao Dai was living in a style to which the French wanted to become accustomed, he built his hunting lodge there. Times change and now the lodge is the office quarters for the Americans. I was ready to do my interviewing right then and there; this was my kind of outpost. But the American in charge was a clever man and he wasn't having any. His montagnards, he said, had been interviewed too often and were in danger of becoming VIP montagnards.

We would have to find some fresh ones, he said, and picked just the spot for us—a couple of mountains, hovering over a deserted French fort. On a clear day you could get a helicopter into it, and then you waited for the next clear day to get out. The name of the place was An Lac, and here the Americans and Vietnamese were collecting montagnards, going out and stealing them from the Communists.

Well, An Lac is pretty successful now, but in those days it lacked not only VIPs and toilets, but montagnards as well. Horst and I stayed there for a couple of days waiting for some montagnards. Nothing comes that easily in Vietnam. After four days waiting, we went out after them—along with a company of Vietnamese regulars.

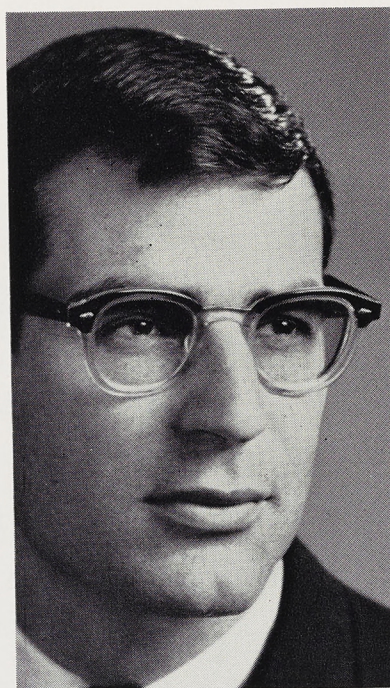
This involved a two-day march into the wilderness, and it easily put to shame Bobby Kennedy's 50-mile walk. We went at the pace of the Vietnamese, and while the Vietnamese in the flat country favor a gentle lethargic pace, they love to run up and down mountains. By about the third of seven mountains my legs were gone

and I made the rest of the trip only by grabbing jungle brush and pulling myself up. Horst was an inspiration; if he could do it, so could I. Horst weighs 230 pounds—himself—270 with what he calls a "rooksak", and about 310 with cameras. (The sight of all this Horst is quite impressive, particularly to the slight Vietnamese). Anyway, Horst kept going and so, in desperation, did I. It was a nightmare of tepid water and halizone tablets; a driving rain storm; brutal heat; endless sliding and falling down mountainsides.

But this is an American success story, and so it should be reported that we found the object, a secret village of montagnards. With the aid of medicine and carbines we convinced 60 montagnards to come back with us. They showed us a nice flat route, and these simple mountain people became the pioneers for thousands more who would come to An Lac. Horst and I got our stories, and it was truly a happy story. At least it was happy until the Americans decided to give the montagnards the full benefits of life in the free world. This meant giving them relief packages.

Now, in these relief packages were some bottles of hair shampoo. It so happens that the montagnards like their hair long and dirty, but they like their whiskey straight, and they did the logical thing. They drank the shampoo. Somehow they have managed to retain their affection for the Americans but they think we make rotten whiskey. ■

By David Halberstam



David Halberstam, 29, moved from managing editor of *THE HARVARD CRIMSON* (Class of '55) to *THE NEW YORK TIMES*' man in South Vietnam by way of The West Point (Miss.) *DAILY TIMES LEADER*, *THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN*, and *THE NEW YORK TIMES* Washington Bureau. His first overseas assignment was for *THE TIMES* in the Congo, where he was the first correspondent to report on-the-spot from Luluabourg after fighting broke out in Kasai Province.

Man With A Camera

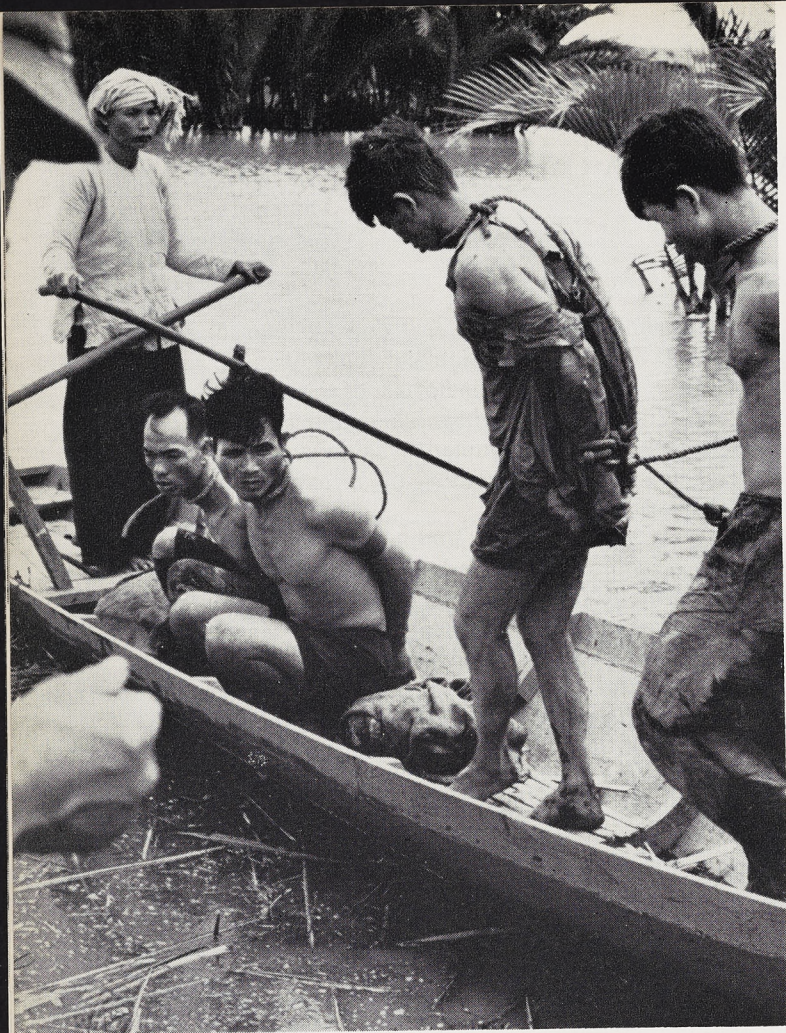


When a shooting war starts, it doesn't take long for LIFE, the U.S. pioneer in pictorial journalism, to get a man to the spot. To cover the hottest of the recent shooting wars, Vietnam, LIFE dispatched one Henry Frank Leslie Burrows. This assignment was no surprise: Larry Burrows has become something of an expert on these hot little wars.

Burrow's pictures of the Vietnam fighting originally appeared in color in LIFE and are reproduced in black-&-white on the following two pages. Shooting them took a good deal of nerve—even for a foreign correspondent. Burrows flew some 50 helicopter and fighter-bomber missions, several of them at levels so low as to make veteran pilots jittery. He also covered more than enough ground on foot to qualify for the Kennedy 50-mile hike club several times over.

For a year marked by more than its share of brush-fire wars and stories in out-of-the-way places, Larry Burrows makes an admirable subject. In addition to Vietnam, he covered the Congo, the war on India's northern frontier and made a difficult journey into Burma to do a picture story on Dr. Seagrave, the Burma surgeon.

Larry Burrows is a gangling and agreeable 37-year-old Englishman who quit school at the age of 17 to take a job in Time Inc.'s London darkroom. Five years later he became a full-fledged photographer and has worked for TIME or LIFE ever since. He met his wife, Vickie, whom he married in 1947, when she was also working for Time. In spite of the rough-&-tumble he has gone through the past few years, Burrows is more than an action photographer. He is considered one of the world's best copyists of paintings and won an award for a portrait he did of Winston Churchill. (If readers wonder what is making Larry's socks bulge so, the answer is simple: He carries his film there when flying. "It's easy to get at," he explains.)





All For Nought

This was my thirteenth week in South Vietnam—and I'll always remember it as my most unlucky week—back in March of 1962.

That's the only way I can sum up the climax of my coverage of the war in the Vietnam jungles.

With Cameraman Ha Thuc Can, I accompanied a South Vietnamese force that started out to encircle a Vietcong company.

We went in with the ground troops, hiking through the jungle with full packs on our back, as each man in the Vietnamese army carries his own provisions. The heat was intense, the terrain the worst I have ever seen. At 2 p.m. one of the soldiers collapsed of exhaustion. At 2:30 p.m. Can collapsed. After getting a shot from the medic, he got going again. We slept on rocks that night.

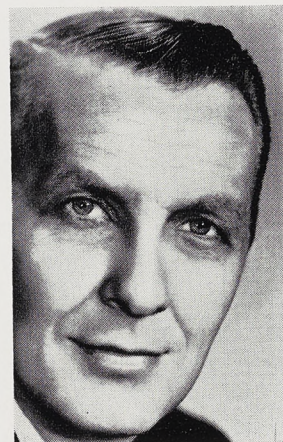
The next day was even tougher as we had practically no water and the heat was worse. Can was having a very rough time of it and finally said he couldn't go on much farther. Even the trained soldiers at that point weren't able to go more than 20 minutes at a stretch. I then told the company commander that if we could get to a clearing, I wanted a helicopter to evacuate Can, but if we couldn't get to a clearing, I was going to strike

off alone and take Can down the mountain to a river where he could at least get water.

But a helicopter that had been summoned couldn't get to earth through the jungle growth, and the company had to march another day. Fortunately, they reached a river and a clearing, and the helicopter took Can and me back to headquarters. For all our labors and suffering we got no pictures of real military action. ■

By Frank Kearns

Frank Kearns, 45, a veteran of CBS News, recently became chief of the CBS news bureau for Africa based in London. For eight years, Kearns used Cairo as a base from which to cover news all over Africa and the Middle East. Thereafter, Kearns spent a year on general assignment in New York, ranged as far north as Vermont and as far south as Latin America. Prior to his new African assignment, Kearns spent a year in CBS News' Paris bureau. Kearns has received an OPC citation for his coverage of fighting in Cyprus and Suez and an OPC award for his reporting in Algeria.



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REPORTERS AND THE DISMAL SCIENCE

Economics used to be known as the "dismal science" and it was strange territory to most reporters. But not since the Great Depression has an economics-oriented story won so many headlines as the European Common Market. Three reporters, one each from UPI, AP and THE NEW YORK TIMES tell what it is like to cover this complex story out of Brussels.





DATELINE: BRUSSELS

The Educatedest Press Corps

Your ideal Common Market correspondent should speak German, French, Italian and Dutch in addition to English. He should be a financial, economic and legal expert with a memory capable of stowing away little oddments such as the conversion ratio for turning a quintal of wheat in deutschmarks into pounds sterling per long ton.

But all this will be of little help if, in addition, he does not possess robust good health. He also will need patience to stand around for hours in drafty conference lobbies and have the ability to turn dreary technical detail into readable copy while ad libbing into a telephone.

None of the 60-odd correspondents accredited to the Common Market beat in Brussels possesses all of these qualities but they are the "educatedest" press corps I have ever been associated with.

Newcomers to the beat take about a month to learn the jargon which has been developed by correspondents from a dozen nations struggling to find phrases for situations never encountered before.

For instance, if somebody mentions "soft decalage for lead" this means the easy but regular removal of tariffs on certain goods over a period of years until tariffs are completely abolished.

A "Morocco protocol" allows for certain former colonies to continue to enjoy the same customs treatment as before independence. It is named thus because

DATELINE: BRUSSELS

What About Herring?

The Common Market makes uncommon demands on its reporters. But no one makes the grade without a love for old-style reporterial legwork in draughty corridors, and the psychological fortitude to withstand endless boredom between the news breaks.

Ministerial sessions have only one news conference given by the chairman on the closing night. That's little help to those correspondents who must file twice daily. The executive body of the Common Market, the European Commission, pours out a stream of mainly statistical information which sometimes hides a story but gives nothing on the negotiations.

Since all meetings are private, the only way to find out what happened is to get a delegate talking. Again, since the six have differing views on many things, a reporter learns to play one delegation off against another.

Disentangle the resulting product from trial balloons, national prejudices, and hardly concealed propaganda, and what's left makes the story. Most national delegates tend to save their best for their own newsmen, so sharp hearing plus knowledge of the four official languages — French, German, Italian and Dutch — pay off. It's im-

portant too that you approach an Italian in a different way than you do a Dutchman.

Reporters have to do plenty of homework. They must explain base-duty, decalage, degressivity, a moroccotype protocol, or list the category-1 countries and the "G" list. If you can't — you are nowhere.

You must know that levies on old Danish sows at the end of their career, turned into frankfurters, on the West German market, are subject to different levies than the slender pigs Denmark exports to the Common Market for breakfast bacon.

The first thing to learn is to gabble fluently in four languages on anything from grading cauliflower (fresh, round, firmly packed, pure and without strange odor is top quality) to kangaroo meat, and East India kips (kind of hide).

When you get really good you can handle all four languages in the same sentence like a veteran "Eurocrat". "Vous avez bien dit a duty free quota?"; or "e vero che gli francesi ont dit 'non'?"; and "What is l'opinion des Allemands on the Beschleunigung?" (Speed-up of break-down of tariffs.)

The Common Market's commission sports some 15 press officers of the six nationalities, as well as one Briton and one American. But at one crisis session during the British negotiations few were on hand, and those who were there had little to say during the meeting, which lasted from Saturday 3 p.m. to Sunday 8 a.m.

Morocco was the first country to be accorded these benefits.

The press corps in force attends the bi-monthly meetings of the council of ministers. "Attends" is relative. It means the press mills around in a cold hallway of Brussels' Palais des Congres while the ministers confer in a room about 100 yards away.

There is a coffee bar six floors below but few correspondents risk using it for fear of missing something. The ministers can meet for ten minutes or ten hours. Their comings and goings are rarely to a known schedule.

Just to complicate things the Palais has several exits so ministers can dodge the press when they want to. They usually do when things are hottest.

The official conference spokesmen are of little help. Six governments and an executive commission are involved so the spokesman is so careful of what he says as to be practically useless.

This throws correspondents back onto old-time lobbying tactics and cultivation of contacts.

Each of the six governments has a spokesman but he usually confines himself to off-the-record briefings or secretive huddles with agency and newspaper correspondents from his own country. Often this means the correspondent with no delegation around has to work all the harder getting and keeping sources but he also has the advantage of perhaps getting a more balanced picture of proceedings.

Between meetings of the council of ministers, correspondents find there is plenty to keep them occupied. At the latest count 46 nations had diplomatic relations with President Walter Hallstein's executive commission.

The U.S. mission is almost as big as the American embassy just across the street. Britain's delegation before negotiations were broken off early this year was far more numerous than its embassy to Belgium.

Uptown on the Avenue de la Joyeuse Entree some 3,000 international civil servants work at E.E.C. headquarters. These "Eurocrats," as the press calls them, form dozens of committees working on such subjects as cartels or trends in the automotive industry. Each is a potential newsmaker.

From the statistic department of the community comes an unending flow of facts and figures which pile up on news desks. Most of it is highly specialized. Some of it is out of date before it is printed. But it has to be read by the Common Market correspondent, condensed and, if worthwhile, put into readable copy. And none of it comes in English. ■

By William Anderson

United Press International's William Anderson is a 38-year-old Scotsman who has demonstrated that a good reporter can cover any kind of a story. A World War II Royal Air Force veteran, Anderson joined UPI in Brussels in 1952, later served as manager for Belgium, an assignment that led him naturally, if not entirely logically, to the Belgian Congo. Back in Brussels, he is now Common Market correspondent for UPI.

But don't think we never come up with a laugh. The following probably had the underwater population of the North Atlantic guffawing hard enough to rock the fishing boats.

The Netherlands and West Germany had battered each other for a year and a half in a quarrel over leveling their respective tariffs on fresh herring. After each ministerial meeting reporters dutifully wrote of the proposals and the recriminations.

Then the arguments stopped. Someone had discovered that no tariffs on herring existed between the two disputing nations. ■

By Nel Slis

Nels Slis, who covers the Common Market for The Associated Press, was born in The Netherlands. She served as a Red Cross nurse in Finland in 1939, fled to London during World War II and joined the AP there as a wartime radio listener. She has worked for the AP ever since, transferring to Brussels in 1957. Miss Slis is shown interviewing Walter Hallstein, president of the European Economic Community.



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Jungle Drums

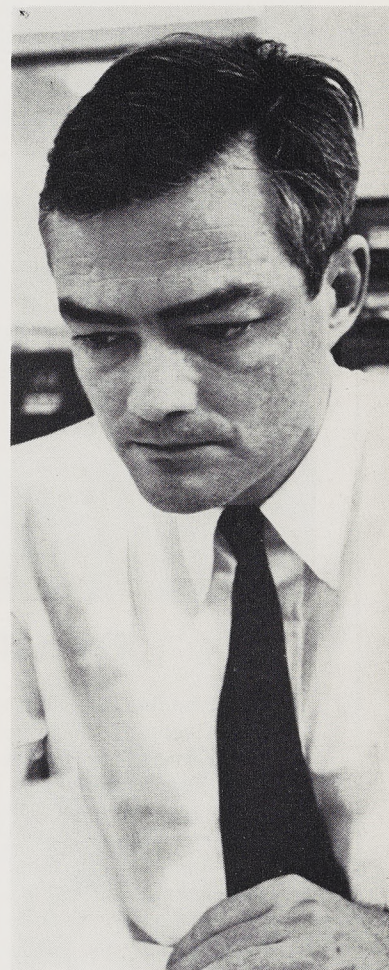
The European Common Market is a new kind of political and economic animal, and covering its activities presents unusual problems. But there are unusual opportunities, too.

The big news days in Common Market coverage come, of course, at the periodic sessions of either the Council of Ministers or, until the recent breakdown, of the ministerial negotiations with Britain. All sessions are closed and organized press briefing scarcely exists.

But in place of organized briefings there is one of the world's best "jungle drum" systems within the large and highly capable multinational press corps. We all resolved early in the game that our best bet was an informal mutual sharing of information, though of course we all retained the right to keep major beats to ourselves. Otherwise, how could the British, French or Americans find out the latest leak from a Dutch official to the Dutch reporters, in that appalling language that no one can understand? The system produces some odd situations. One night, during a meeting that was to last—typically for the Common Market—until 3 the next morning, the French whisked me away to a darkened corridor to show me the text of a key document in the British negotiations; after deciding that it was not of the "major scoop" category, I had no hesitation in giving a fill-in to a Dutchman, a German and an Englishman who had helped me from time to time.

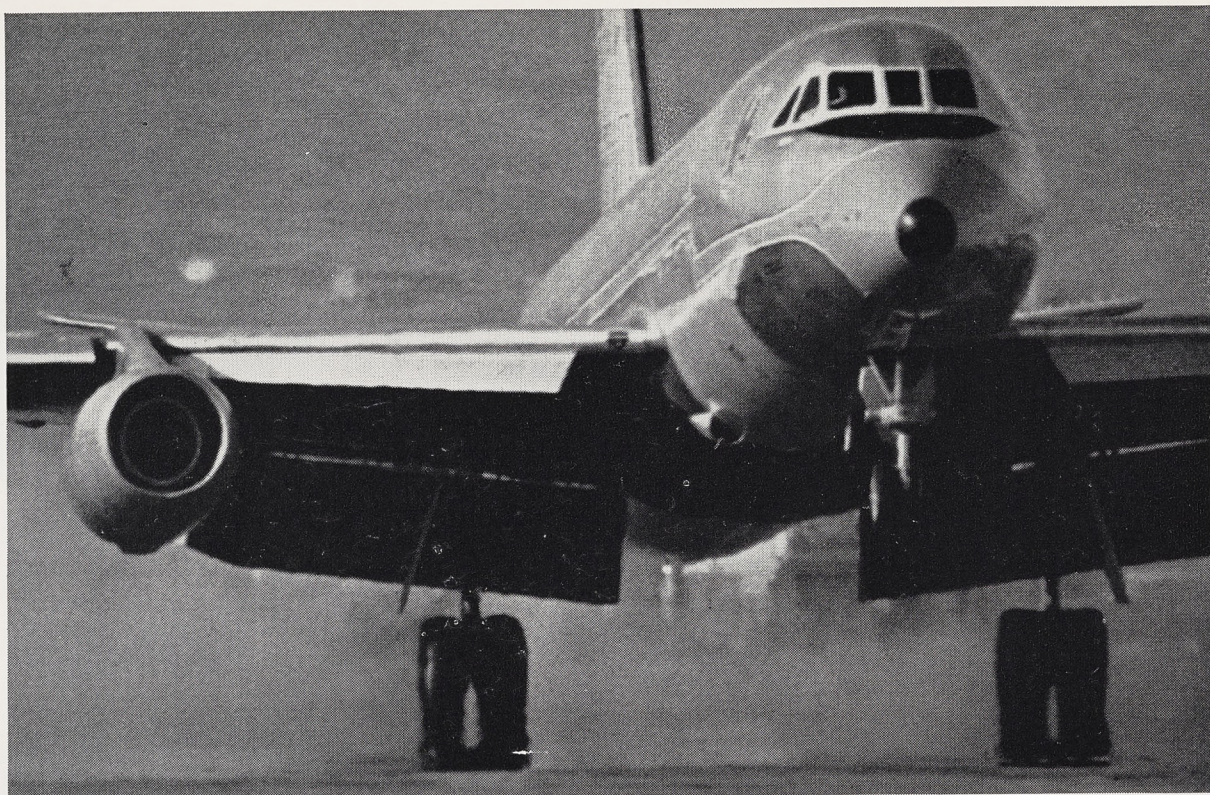
Probably the best opportunity to do independent work is in the period between ministerial sessions—and often in the national capitals rather than in Brussels. Although the executive commission in Brussels provides a good deal of news, there has been a tendency to over-rate the importance of its recommendations and proposals. While they are important, it is still the Governments that decide and it is in Paris or Bonn or Rome that the fate of key issues is settled. The role of France in the Common Market is so decisive that Paris is in some ways a better place to cover it than Brussels, except of course at times of ministerial sessions.

Apart from the problems and opportunities in getting information, the most challenging aspect of Common Market coverage is organizing the information into an intelligible news story. Often great political events hinge on such technical matters as the British subsidy on pig meat or the German grain price. The Common Market has always been a mixture of the political and the economic, for it is an effort to achieve the great political goal of European unity through economic means. As recent events have shown, the political goal is far from achieved; and in the future as in the past, the chance of achieving it will depend in great part on the willingness of these six very sovereign nations to take common and complicated economic decisions that involve some sacrifices. The Common Market, more than other international organizations, is a process of continuous creation where "the devil is in the details." ■



By Edwin L. Dale, Jr.

Edwin L. Dale of The New York Times is one of those rare characters who combines a journalistic talent with an interest in economics. A 40-year-old Philadelphian, Dale graduated from Yale where he studied economics. He got his first reporting job in 1947 with the Worcester, Mass. Evening Gazette. A year later he was writing editorials. Dale went to work for the New York Herald Tribune in 1951 as an economist in its Washington bureau. He joined The Times in Washington four years later, and, in 1960, was sent by The Times to Paris as its European economic correspondent, a post he still holds.



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THE OLD ORDER CHANGES

Even in the traditional news capitals of Western Europe, things are changing. ABC's Lou Cioffi tells how the deGaulle phenomenon has left most Paris correspondents bereft of their old news sources. UPI's Joe Grigg tells how the government press agent is taking over in Europe, too. CBS's Marvin Kalb covers a strange riot in Helsinki. And Lawrence Meredith of UPI tells how he covers Africa from thousands of miles away.



DATELINE: PARIS

"Why Don't You Ask Him?"

If you think the Western Alliance is having trouble with General de Gaulle, it's nothing compared to the trouble the Western Correspondents are having.

When this reporter first arrived in Paris in 1956, he was delighted to find a wonderful institution called the Fourth Republic. It was composed of a Senate, a National Assembly, and a constantly rotating number of Ministers and Prime Ministers, although the latter were officially titled President of the Council.

To be a reporter in Paris then was a pleasure: cultivate a Minister and eventually he would wind up as the head of the Government. And when he would finally be defeated on a vote of confidence over the price of beets,

for instance, that was no cause for alarm or despair. He would be back.

Last Spring, France and the Corps of Western Correspondents saw the writing on the wall. General de Gaulle was voted extraordinary power, and we all dreaded the obvious consequences: stability, a word which is just as dirty to a reporter as it is to a would-be President of the Council.

Reporting under the enlightened regime of the Fourth Republic was simple. Go to the Foreign Office, for instance, talk to seven people and then go back to your office to decide which of the seven different policies you were given was the one most likely to succeed. At that time, to quote "well informed sources" was like picking the winner at the Kentucky Derby: the horses are all good but only one is going to make it.

Under the Fifth "Stabile" Republic the race is fixed. The owner of the track announces the winner and sure



enough, in he comes, not just a few lengths ahead, but all alone because the starting gate only opened for him. The other nags never even got to run.

Go to the Foreign Office nowadays and talk to seven people and you get seven stories as before, but they are all the same: "We'll let you know after his next speech!" Or, "Read his books." Or, "Why don't you ask Him?" This last response has caused more dreaming among reporters than any other. And more reason to hate the Home Office.

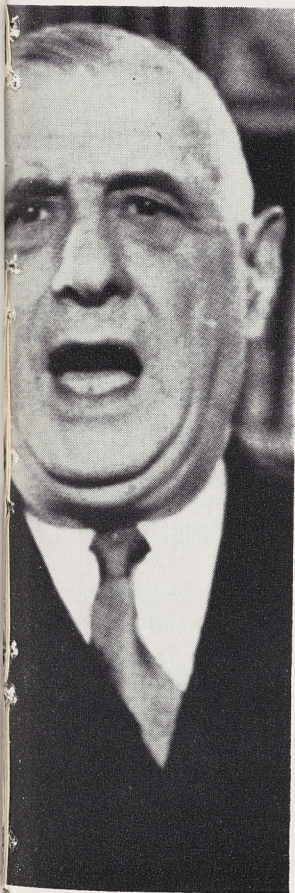
Every reporter here in Paris has, at one time or another, received a terse cable from the Home Office saying: "Need exclusive interview de Gaulle stop prefer in English but will accept simultaneous translation." That's equivalent to saying, get the Taj Mahal painted blue for television because the glare is not good for television images.

De Gaulle does not give interviews; he grants news

conferences every few months or makes statements on radio and television. And we, reporters, are forced to come to the conclusion that he doesn't like us.

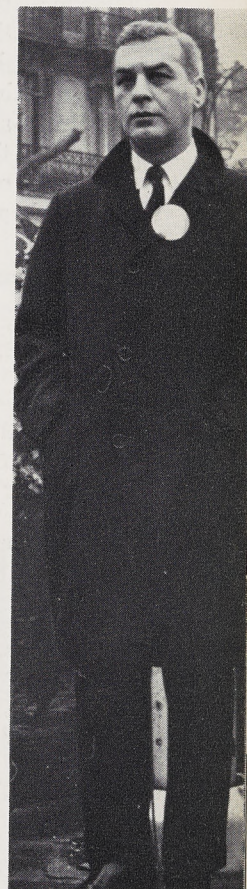
There's only one slight consolation. De Gaulle's stability has cut down drastically the number of riots taking place in the streets of Paris, depriving the police their favorite past-time of beating reporters over the head with their night-sticks. Four stitches in the scalp is good for six radio broadcasts and two television features, with three press releases thrown in for free. We certainly cannot go around now doing stories about how we have not been beaten recently and how de Gaulle has refused our 27th request for an interview.

So, if Jim Hagerty reads this, I have a personal message: Mr. Hagerty, I'm sorry if stitches and stories are in short supply. But it's that fellow de Gaulle who's to blame. And by the way, Mr. Hagerty, he's turned us down for the 28th time! ■



By Lou Cioffi

American Broadcasting Company's Lou Cioffi became a foreign correspondent 11 years ago when his network sent him to cover the Korean War. Wounded at the front there, Cioffi went on to cover the Suez invasion, the Hungarian uprising, the revolt of the generals in Algeria. He also covered several more pacific overseas events such as the coronation of Pope John XXIII and two international conferences in Geneva. Cioffi is a native New Yorker, studied at City College there and Muhlenberg College. He now resides in Paris as ABC's chief European Correspondent.



The Finns Really Got Mad

Marvin Kalb was on-the-scene reporter for "Finland's Tug of War," a report on the impact of the Eighth World Youth Festival on the officially neutral Finns, which was presented on "The Twentieth Century" series Sunday, Feb. 3 on the CBS Television Network. Mr. Kalb also wrote the script for the broadcast.

Last summer, while covering the Eighth World Youth Festival, a Communist-inspired gathering of some 12,000 young people from all over the world, I got hit on the head by an angry Finn.

Not that I was taken for a Russian; it was just that there were so many Russians around Helsinki in the first week of August that the Finns really got mad.

Finnish policemen were ordered into action, and used night-sticks and tear gas on the main street of the Finnish capital to break up large and vociferous crowds of young Finns, demonstrating against the Festival.

Emotions ran high. Approximately 1,200 Russians — average age about 30 — came to the Festival to sing and dance to a song of peaceful coexistence.

Finnish Communists applauded the Russians, but the average Finn was annoyed that the Russians had imposed their Festival upon an unwilling capital.

The disturbances began with booing. Then some Finns began to throw rocks at buses carrying Russians. Russians got hurt. The following night many more young Finns gathered along the main street. Again, Russians got hurt, and the Finnish police, on horseback, tried to break up the crowds.

It was on the third night of the rioting that I got hit on the head — hard.



By Marvin Kalb

Marvin Kalb went to work for CBS News in 1957 as a news writer. In 1960 he became CBS' Moscow bureau chief and early in 1963 was assigned to the network's Washington bureau as diplomatic correspondent.

I was out in the crowds with Av Westin, CBS News Producer-Director in Europe, and a Finnish cameraman filming the riots. The mounted police, swinging their sticks, galloped into the crowds. My back was turned when one mounted policeman, coming up behind me, started swinging with his billy. Westin yelled. Instinctively I ducked, but the stick caught me on the back of the head and I fell, more than slightly dazed. A tear-gas bomb exploded about 20 feet away.

Westin grabbed me and, tears streaming down his face, shouted to the policeman that we were American correspondents. The Finnish cop probably did not understand English, but he did catch the word "American." He pulled back on his reins, and his horse reared before us. We ducked into a doorway and waited until we had caught our breath. We then resumed filming the riot — all for "The Twentieth Century" broadcast on Finland, a nation on a tightrope.

Moscow was never like this — there demonstrations are organized. Thinking back on my years as Moscow correspondent for CBS News, I reflected that it takes a free, democratic country to produce a nice, juicy riot. ■

Telex—and Press Agents



It's only the ulcers you get that are the same.

A swift glance backwards at 30 years as a foreign correspondent covering Europe leaves little doubt that just about everything else has changed.

Communications are perhaps the biggest difference.

Thirty years ago it was all morse keys and cables. Every word counted and you learned to count your words and make each one earn its keep.

Today the major wire services and newspapers are linked by direct, permanent leased wires, leased cable circuits, radio teleprinter circuits and telex facilities with most of their bureaus and staff reporters except in the wildest of the wilds.

Thirty years ago the government public relations man or press officer was almost unknown. You had to bore and dig and cultivate cabinet members and officials and delegates to obtain information.

Today there is hardly a European government that has not tried, and pretty well succeeded, in channeling its news through press officers—still not on the American scale, but Europe is moving fast in that direction.

In some ways it is a good thing, in others not. The government spokesman's statement or the official handout is a cover-up for a lot of lazy reporting.

In Darkest London

By Laurence Meredith

Dismantling of the colonial structure of Africa and rise of independent African states during the past 10 years has created an entirely new field for foreign news reporting.

London has inevitably become the focal point for covering this historic upheaval and change. Reasons include not only Britain's colonial heritage, but geography and the problem of communications.

Until very recently it was easier for African government personnel of neighboring countries and colonies to travel to London to meet each other rather than travel overland on the African continent.

London also still remains a chief magnet for most Africans. The major portion of Africa undergoing decolonization has been ruled and administered from London. The city of London for over a century has been the center of African commerce and finance. And London has been the hothouse and forcing ground for most African political and revolutionary movements.

For nearly half a century organizations have existed in London to assist the African in revolting against his colonial masters.

These organizations include the anti-slavery movement; The Africa Bureau; the Committee for Colonial Freedom, and numerous smaller but no less effective groups.

All this activity on both governmental and anti-governmental levels to heave the African continent into the 20th century makes London a logical center for reporting the re-birth of Africa.

In the past 18 months nearly all the leaders of French-speaking and English-speaking Africa have passed through and done business in London, as have the majority of the African revolutionaries.

Laurence Meredith was born in Vancouver, B.C. 56 years ago and graduated from the University of British Columbia. He joined UPI in 1946, now serves in the London bureau.



The lively and complicated picture makes the "African beat" in London a difficult, busy but fascinating job.

The reporter covering African affairs must first of all keep in daily contact with the British Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Offices, the high commissions of the African commonwealth countries and the embassies here of the former French colonies.

Big corporations in London which have business interests in Africa are valuable and efficient depositories of information on current African affairs.

Then as news-makers as well as news sources, there are 40,000 African students in London attending such institutions as the School of African and Oriental Studies at London University and the London School of Economics.

And finally there is the lone figure in a drab back bedroom in some sleazy suburb who tomorrow may rule an African state. He's part of this "beat" too and you ignore him at your peril.

By Joseph W. Grigg

In press coverage facilities there is no comparison.

Back in the early 1930's the press bar, the press room, the press telephones, the separate offices for the press associations and the elaborate mechanical facilities were almost non-existent.

In January, 1936, I covered the funeral of King George V of England at Windsor. Our headquarters was the bar room of a local pub. The shouting of the beer-drinkers almost drowned me out as I tried to dictate over the telephone to the United Press bureau in London, only 20 miles distant.

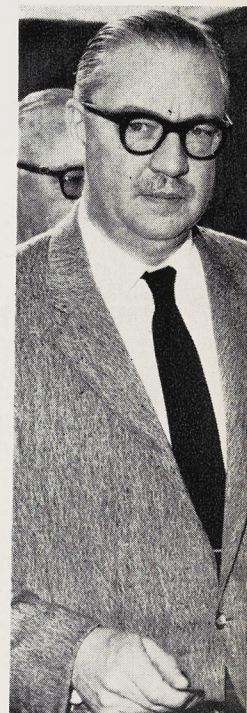
The Swiss authorities in Geneva, who have had probably more experience than anyone else in setting up conference coverage, provide consistently the best working conditions. I have covered more international conferences than I can remember with the aid of the smooth-running facilities of the Geneva Maison de la Presse.

But it took the Danes to provide the most imaginative press facilities I recall. At the NATO council session in Copenhagen in May, 1958, they ran a pleasure steamer named the "Lilly Scarlett" into a canal in the heart of the city, moored it and turned it into press headquarters.

The final day the beer was on the house.

That was one of the times you forget the ulcers. ■

At 53, Joseph W. Grigg of The United Press International is one of the genuine old hands at foreign corresponding. Grigg was born in Bangor, Maine and educated at Cambridge University. He has been a foreign correspondent for nearly 30 years and has headed UPI bureaus in London, Berlin and Paris. He is now UPI manager for Western Europe.





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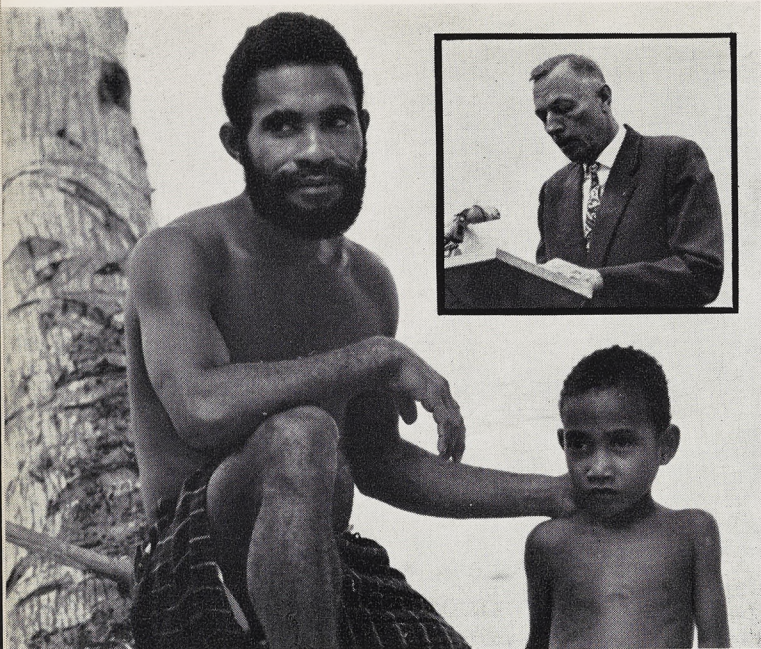
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WHERE NEXT?

The jet-age correspondent never knows where he's going to turn up next. Today's news has an almost predictable way of breaking in unpredictable places, where even the most travelled newsman is pretty much on his own. A. M. Rosenthal and Jay Walz of The New York Times and H. Denny Davis of United Press International describe newsgathering in three such spots.





DATELINE: HOLLANDIA, NEW GUINEA

What Sukarno Wants, Sukarno Gets

The Papuans of New Guinea are a small, lively people who for the most part prefer to stroll around quite naked. This is very sensible because most Papuans live in the jungle and the jungle is extremely hot. It is also very muddy and the Papuans save themselves a lot of dry-cleaning bills.

←President Sukarno of Indonesia recently took over West Irian from U.N. custodianship, an event foreshadowed by Abe Rosen-
thal's story. Inset left shows H. Veljkamp, former acting Gov-
ernor for the Netherlands handing over power to the U.N.

The Papuans are also a very polite people. It seemed so to me last year when I arrived in Hollandia on my second trip to New Guinea. The first was made five or six years ago and I spent most of my time then in the interior slithering around in the mud.

On that first visit, the Papuans and I just sort of sat around and talked about tribal feuds, cargo cults, bride-sales and other bits of sociological lore. The stories were all entirely exclusive. If there were any other reporters in the jungle, they were probably off somewhere developing their own informed sources.

The second visit was to cover the temporary take-over of Western New Guinea by the United Nations from the Dutch, and there were a lot of reporters around. In the Spring of 1963, the United Nations was to hand over the territory to Indonesia. President Sukarno, for reasons that escape me, wants New Guinea very much and what Sukarno wants, Sukarno gets.

The United Nations' interim take-over was one of those terribly amusing little devices diplomats like to think up to save various diplomatic faces. It wouldn't have done to call this a grab by Indonesia. That would not have been In The Spirit of the UN Charter.

Anyway, it was on this visit that I discovered the sweet politeness of the Papuans. They had just been informed by the United States, the United Nations, and the Indonesians that they were not fit to govern themselves or even to work toward guaranteed self-government. Just why the Papuans were less fit than the

DATELINE: MACAPA, BRAZIL

Button-Down Banana Pedlars

By H. Denny Davis

H. Denny Davis, United Press International manager for Brazil, was born 36 years ago in Fayette, Indiana and graduated from Central College there. His newspaper career began as business manager of his college weekly. After college and a stint in the Navy, Davis went to the Missouri School of Journalism and then to work for the Southeast Missourian at Cape Girardeau. His next stop was Memphis and, finally, in 1954, he took over the UPI bureau in Tulsa. In 1957 Davis was transferred to UPI's Latin American desk in New York and thence, first to Lima, Peru and later to his present spot in Rio de Janeiro.



I sat in the bow of a dugout canoe as it skittered across the sluggish Amazon River and tried to figure out what Frank Luther Mott would do.

There were two "crewmen" aboard. One, paddling in the stern, was ten years old. The other, bailing water out of the boat, was younger.

Our goal was the Anzoategui, the freighter which Venezuelan rebels had seized and sailed up the Amazon in a bid for political asylum in Brazil.

American, British, French and even Russian reporters had flown to Belem, at the gateway to the Amazon, then chartered light planes to Macapa—a sleepy, palm-shaded town farther north.

The newsmen then took cabs to Santana, 12 miles away.

The Anzoategui lay anchored before us. Behind us, on the river bank, stood the other newsmen. State police carrying machineguns had forbidden reporters to board the ship. Brazilian Marines on board the ship kept a sharp eye on the newsmen 150 yards away.

The sun beat down on the flat, brown river, so calm that surprisingly little water slopped over the canoe's gunwales—only three inches above the piranha-infested Amazon.

I turned to my grinning, half-naked helmsman and

nomads of Mauritania, the tribesmen of the Congo or the gentlemen students of the University of Mississippi or others solemnly represented at the United Nations was never made entirely clear.

There they stood, the Papuans, watching a Dutchman turn over their country to a Guatemalan official while on the rostrum sat an Englishman who was to be their police chief, a Pakistani who was to be their general, a Burmese who was to be their governor and an Egyptian who was to explain them and the world to each other as their propaganda chief. They just stood, said nothing, and walked away politely.

Once in a while, their leaders would come up to the dingy hotel in Hollandia, drink some warmish beer with the reporters, watch the frantic crew from the United Nations and the pleasant-talking Indonesians who were to be their new masters.

We would buy the Papuans beer and now and then one or another of them would say to us that but of course nobody really had the right to turn over one country to another, wasn't that so? We explained the whole situation to them, all about the charter and Asian nationalism and so on. They remained polite.

At first there were only American and Australian reporters on hand to witness the Papuans' puzzlement. Then, a few hours after the United Nations formally took over, an Indonesian transport donated some time ago by the United States, landed. And out stepped a score or so of Indonesian newspapermen and the gentlemen from Pravda, Tass, Radio Moscow, Tanjug, the Czechoslovak News Agency and a plump chap from East Germany's news service.

That night we sat on the verandah of the hotel, eating cold cuts left over from breakfast and arguing until 4 A.M. about freedom of the press, China, Cuba, Berlin and other important matters. The only thing on which

By A. M. Rosenthal

A. M. Rosenthal, Tokyo correspondent for THE NEW YORK TIMES, is a Pulitzer Prize and OPC Award winner. He prepared for his career as a foreign correspondent by putting in eight years at the United Nations in New York between 1946 and 1954. Today at 41, Abe Rosenthal is one of THE TIMES best known overseas staffers, having distinguished himself with his reporting from such assorted spots as Poland, India, Africa and the Far East. Born in Canada, Rosenthal attended New York's City College, where he was a part-time correspondent for THE TIMES in 1943; he has never worked for any other paper.



there was general East-West agreement was that the fellow from East Germany should quietly listen to his betters. But it was a good discussion and I have no doubt that the sleepy Papuan waiters learned a great deal. Already, you see, the Papuans were benefiting from the attention of the international set.

I had thought of setting down here some bits of professional information as to cable hours, cable costs, transportation and so on. But the Indonesians I saw seemed hugely entertained by the thought that the Papuans one day might be given a real chance to remove themselves from Jakarta's loving embrace. And I have an idea that the Indonesians will not be quite so quick with visas as were the Dutch and the United Nations.

So, all things considered, Western New Guinea is not likely to remain part of the journalistic new frontier for very long. It won't make a great deal of difference. The Papuans will still be in their jungles, quite naked and quite polite. ■

said: "Go straight across the river, just like you were going to see grandma. When you are behind the hull of the ship, out of sight of the bank, veer left and see how close you can get to the ship."

As we came around the far side of the freighter, I saw an outboard motorboat standing alongside the hull. It had a palm-thatched roof.

"My God," I thought, "the opposition!"

But as we drew closer, I saw figures in the boat holding bananas. It was a "bumboat," the kind that sells bananas and fresh fruit whenever any steamer anchors anywhere on the Amazon.

Then I got my second scare. Since when do banana vendors on the Amazon wear button-down sports shirts?

I saw the two figures drop their bananas and grab cameras.

By this time I was close enough to see the figures more clearly. One was Jacinto Martins of United Press International Newspictures and the other was "Gaucho" de Melo, photographer for Jornal do Brasil, Rio de Janeiro's leading morning newspaper.

We exchanged a nautical greeting and proceeded to the work at hand.

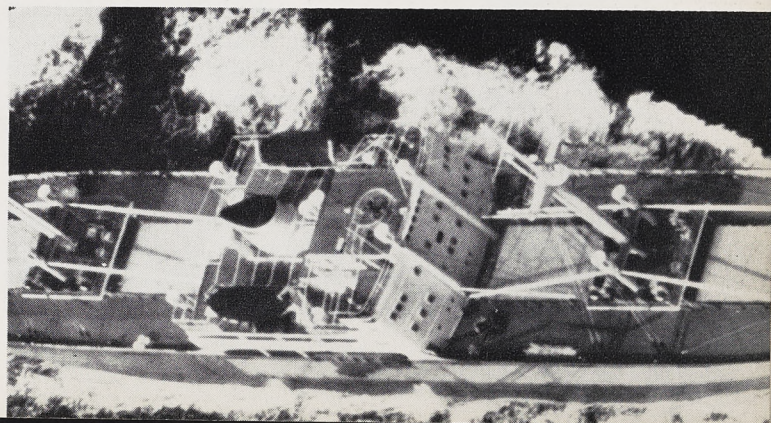
I shouted up to the rebels on deck: "Anyone hurt? Is anyone locked up? Have you any pictures or film?"

The Marines on board fingered their revolvers and made warlike noises. The rebels showed their armbands and gave the V-for-victory sign and shouted back in high, good humor. It was hard to hear them above the roar of the ship's service motors.

But it was the first- and last-interview with the rebels aboard the freighter and worth another trip back to the little wooden hut in Macapa where a battered radio communicated with civilization.

Santana is south of the equator, Macapa is north.

In a little, Brazilian-made taxicab I had crossed the equator six times on this one story. ■



They'll Catch On

Correspondents who entered Yemen after the coup d'état of September 1962 unanimously discovered a feudalistic country, "perhaps the most backward in the world." It was something "right out of the fourteenth century." Some bolder writers reported Yemen under the Imams "had not changed in 1,000 years."

Brig. Abdullah Al Sallal, the revolutionary leader, was fond of telling his visitors, "We inherited absolutely nothing—no government, no money." He added sardonically, "We don't even have a budget." This was to say, the old and late Iman Ahmed and his predecessors had ruled Yemen with the government rolled up in their turbans, and the treasury of several million Maria Theresa thalers cached up in the castle.

Modern Yemen cannot be built in a day. But in the first five months the revolution, with the help of President Nasser of the United Arab Republic, made great progress. Brigadier Sallal is now a Marshal, as well as President of the new Republic. On the day of this writing he announced a new, full slate of cabinet officers. On it is a Minister of Finance to see, no doubt, that Yemen remedies the oversight of a budget. Not the least of the new appointments is a Minister of National Guidance and Information. One of his chores will surely be to "guide and inform" visiting correspondents.

With these developments there can be no doubt that a new Yemen is born. It has, after a millenium, a bureaucracy. And bureaucracy is the stuff that endures—outlasting war and pestilence, even peace and progress. To correspondents used to the treadmill of immigration, customs and information controls in more enlightened areas of the Middle East, such events related to the emergence of a "new Yemen" are ominous. Reporters who covered the revolution in the fall of 1962 will certainly recall the experience fondly.

I will long remember the day—long trek up from Aden through the shrub and canyon country to Taiz. I thought how Zane Grey would have loved it, and, frantically hanging on to my Land Rover seat, longed for a mustang on which to leap up and over the dry river beds that served for a road much of the way.

At the border station the young Yemeni immigration officer wrote my name and newspaper connection across one line of a ledger that some centuries back had lost its mint condition. This formality over, he greeted me, "We are honored you are here," he said, and he smiled. No immigration officer from Istanbul to Mogadishu has ever greeted me with a smile, and I realized how really backward Yemen must be.

At Taiz, I walked into what had been the Foreign Ministry and asked the gentleman in the first room if I might see the Foreign Minister. "I am the Foreign Minister," he replied. Actually, he wasn't; rather he was no longer Foreign Minister—but messages from Sana, the new revolutionary capital were travelling slowly at the time. However, we talked foreign affairs for 45 minutes.

At Revolutionary Command headquarters in Sana, I was ushered into the reception room of a former guest house for V.I.P.s. I was seated in a gilt and brocade French Empire chair and served tea. "Mr. Baidani will



be down to see you as soon as he has his breakfast," said an orderly in careful student's English. Mr. Baidani was then Vice Premier, fresh from Cairo, and "the man to see." And he was coming to see me!

In a few hours, President Sallal received me. No one had bothered about an appointment. We conversed informally on a settee in an ante-room as he emerged from a meeting of the Revolutionary Command.

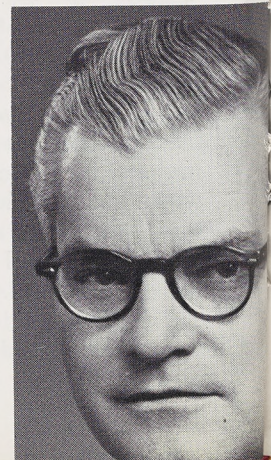
I moved about the streets of Sana without reference to the curfew, and without a pass. There was no one to issue passes, and, indeed, no paper on which to print them. Friendly natives along the street offered me tidbits out of hand—cold boiled stringbeans, a local delicacy, or a strip of "Qat", the native narcotic. I took pictures as I pleased, and not even native women shied away—and no member of the rifle-carrying yeomanry shooed me off. In the Saudi Arabian Bank I cashed an American Express travellers check for a pocketful of Maria Theresa thalers as simply as though I were making change in a department store—no forms, no currency control documents to sign and stamp.

None of this is likely to happen again. In any serious minded developing Arabian country, the immigration officer must eye the incoming journalist sternly, and inspect his passport closely making sure he has no taint of contact with a not-to-be-named country.

Next time I go to Yemen I should not expect to walk in on the Foreign Minister, or the Premier, or the President. I shall expect to go to the Minister of National Guidance and Information who will make appointments that will have to be postponed. That will be proof that Yemen having burst from its medieval cocoon is well on the way to becoming the very model of a modern Arab State. ■

By Jay Walz

Jay Walz, who covers the Arab Middle East for THE NEW YORK TIMES, grew up on an Indiana farm and attended Notre Dame. He started his newspaper career as music critic and reporter (at college he played second violin for the string quartet) for THE SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES. He later worked for the WASHINGTON POST and the Office of Price Administration, joining THE TIMES in Washington in 1943. He first became a foreign correspondent in 1958 when his paper sent him to Ankara.



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atomic energy

undersea craft

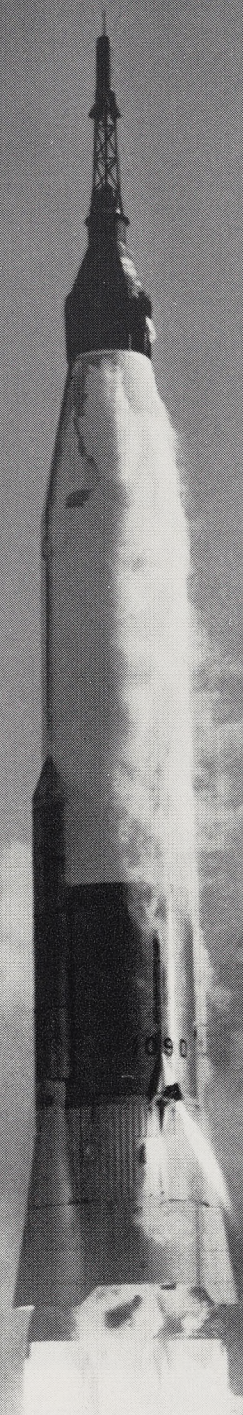
advanced aircraft

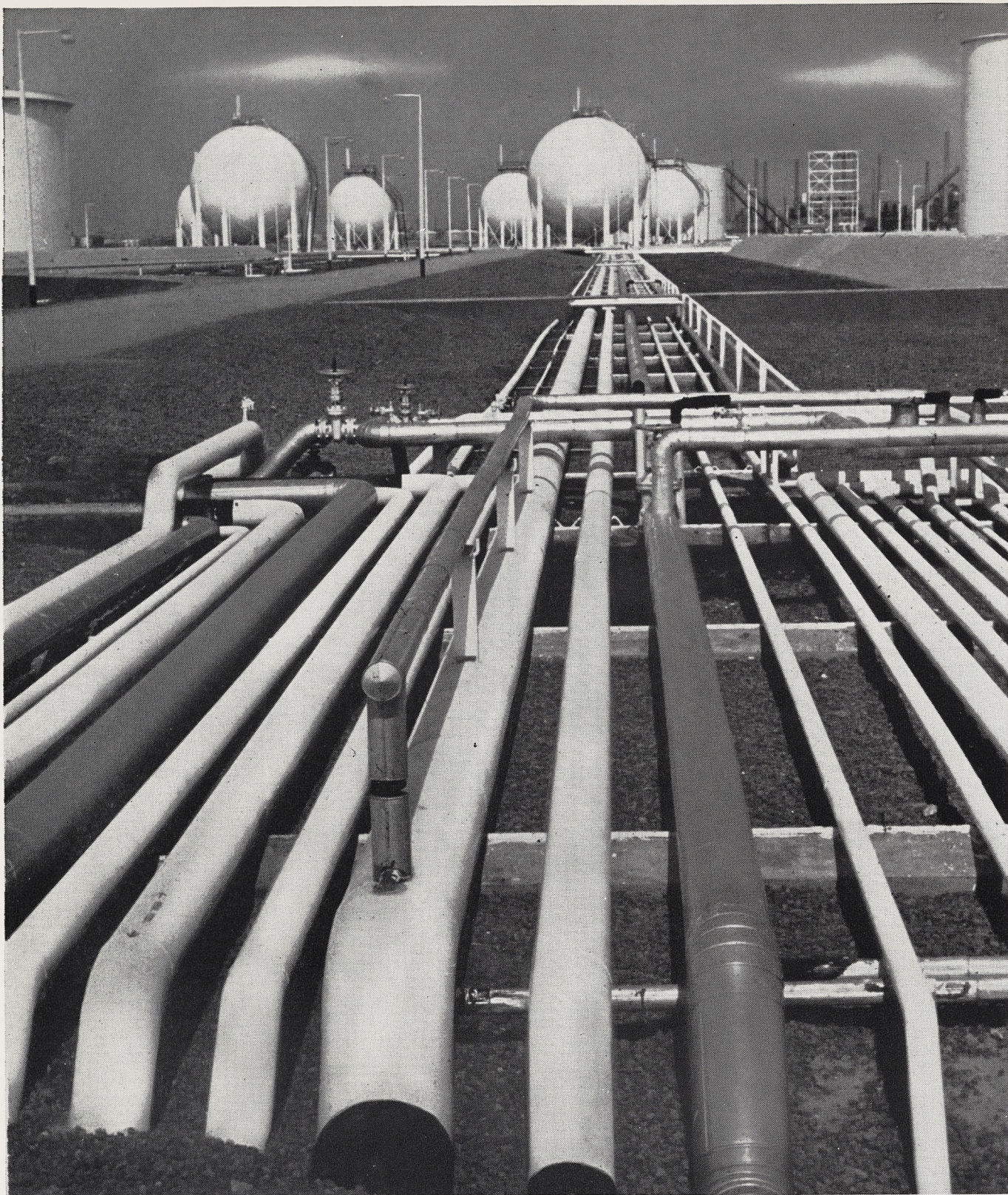
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INDIA: BACK IN THE NEWS

India, a relative news backwater in recent years, erupted violently into the headlines last year when the Chinese Reds started bullying the free Free World's most populous nation. NBC's John Rich, AP's Alan N. Kennedy and The New York Times' Paul Grimes tell what it was like to report from India those difficult days.



DATELINE: INDIA

Nehru and The Grass Roots

India's prime minister Nehru keeps his hold on power in his country because of a particular relationship that he maintains with the great masses of the people. As the undisputed leader, he more than Khrishna Menon or anyone else, bears final responsibility for past decisions that led to India's unpreparedness this Fall. Yet a recent tour of the countryside shows his popularity remains tremendously high among the poor people, who make up most of India's population.

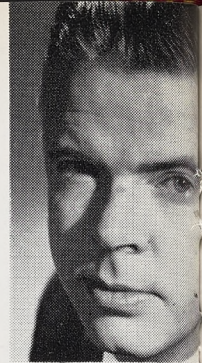
Recently, in a remote river valley in the heart of the leopard country, I had an opportunity to observe how Mr. Nehru works his magic.

The occasion was the dedication of a new dam and hydroelectric station—built in the wilds of one of India's most economically impoverished areas. It was on one of the tributaries of the mighty Ganges.

Below the gaudily-decorated speakers platform, with



By John Rich



NBC News Correspondent John Rich graduated from Maine's Bowdoin College in 1939 and worked on newspapers in Augusta and Portland before joining the Marine Corps during World War II. Rich worked for INS in Tokyo in 1946, moved over to NBC in 1950. Since then he has found little peace. He has reported for NBC from Korea, Indo-China, Algeria, France, Argentina, and the Congo. Rich was in France when an invasion by the dissident generals in Algeria seemed imminent. And he spent four years in Berlin, living in a house 200 yards from the barbed wire of the Iron Curtain.

DATELINE: NEW DELHI

Brigadier Blimp

Tezpur figured in Datelines in 1959 when the Dalai Lama fled from Tibet to Assam. Many correspondents got to know the little tea town quite well, waiting for His Holiness.

Last fall when the Chinese army came over there was again a long wait for stories.

The Indian government's information policy was paralyzed by shock at the blitzkrieg; the government

thought only in terms of secrecy and half-truth communiques while the New China News Agency was rolling out propaganda with pictures.

Taking a chance, The AP staffed Tezpur soon after the first Chinese offensive, despite a warning from the brass that we would get no cooperation there.

The brass was right. Though the army was willing, the defense ministry under Krishna Menon was holding down so tight that eight or nine other reporters and I in Tezpur found ourselves barred from headquarters, the army hospital and the airport. We were also prohibited from going into the hills or sending out pictures without police clearance.

We telegraphed Prime Minister Nehru and pleaded in person with his dynamic daughter, Indira Gandhi, for a chance to tell some of the Indian side of the story.

Meanwhile we wrote what we could, and dined on tinned sausages washed down with Indian beer at the Tea Planters' Club, or on curry at the town's only thinkable restaurant.

Tezpur also had two Hindi movie theaters, and we had time to learn a little cricket from the British specials who were there.

Pressure from the now huge press corps in Delhi and from home offices finally got us a shot at the mountain battle areas just before the Chinese captured them.

By riding twenty hours in jeeps and twenty hours back again we were able to spend two hours on the top of Se La at 13,756 feet, where the army planned to make a stand.

"We" consisted of 43 newsmen and a nervous master-of-ceremonies in Brigadier's uniform from the defense ministry.

The clouds had parted that day, Nov. 12, for a few hours. As we came over the last rise into the pass the brown Tundra seemed to be patched with snow. The white patches were cargo parachutes which a Fairchild C-119 had dropped that morning.

By Alan M. Kennedy

A foreign correspondent for just over a year, The Associated Press' Alan M. Kennedy has been a newspaperman for 15 years. A native of Manhattan, Kennedy was educated at Princeton and Columbia, started his news career with the SYRACUSE HERALD-JOURNAL. He later worked on papers in Providence, Newark, Middletown, N. Y. and Arlington, Va. before joining AP. Kennedy, now 35, represents The Associated Press in New Delhi, India.



their backs to the mammoth face of the dam itself, 15,000 Indians, some of whom had walked miles to get there, had been sitting in the broiling sun for hours. Nehru arrived, seated on purple and orange cushions in the rear seat of a black American built, open limousine. He looked down and began in his soft voice in the Hindi language—"I speak—not to you," he said, looking at the foreign dignitaries, "nor to you", looking at the press section "nor to you" (looking at the government officials). Turning to the vast section overflowing with local inhabitants, their sunburned faces turned upwards—he said. "I speak to you". And he *did*, exclusively from then on.

"This is a good country, and you are good people, he said, but it has been a poor country and you have been poor. This country has been famed for its hunting—for its tigers and leopards—but the time has come to shift the emphasis to its human beings". Nehru's voice was that of a teacher addressing young pupils, or a father talking to his family. In the most elementary terms he told them how electricity had been discovered—about Ben Franklin and his kite—He explained how the dam stopped up the water, how it flowed down tubes, made

the turbines turn, and then emerged as they could see, at the bottom of the dam.

He told of the wonders of electricity (which many of these people knew nothing about)—how it gives light, heat and runs machines. It would bring new work to their land, factories would come, schools would be built and maybe their children would study and become engineers themselves.

If you want electricity in your homes, he said, you must talk to your village panchayats—the local officials. Work through them, he said, because we are a democracy and this is the way we do things.

He then touched on the trouble with China, it's like when the dacoits (the bandits) raid your villages. Your join together to resist them. That is what we are doing as a nation.

That was his message, going from the simple and obvious, to the problems of foreign affairs—all in simple language told so they could follow him.

This was Nehru among the people whom he loves. It was a remarkable glimpse of the source of Nehru's political strength—and of the special techniques that he uses to maintain that support. ■

As we piled out in ski clothes and borrowed Army jackets, Sikh soldiers in beards and olive green turbans welcomed us with tea. Later we shared their lunch of chapatis (pancakes), dal (which is like corn) and curried potatoes, eaten in the bare hand.

The Sikhs showed plenty of ginger as they practiced running out of dugouts to man machine guns. The guns were trained on the notch where the Chinese were expected to attack.

Photographers danced around in front of the loaded guns. Shouts were heard: "Get out of the line of fire." Nobody paid any attention. The result was some of the best pictures of the trip.

Earlier a Sikh battery commander obliged us by firing nine rounds from his 25-pounder guns over the mountain to where some Chinese had been seen. These guns and dozens more were captured six days later and eventually returned contemptuously to the Indians after the ceasefire.

An artillery brigade commander told us the Chinese were 10,000 yards to the northwest of us and 3,000 yards to the northeast.

This was an unknowing hint of the fiasco to come, when the Chinese bypassed Se La to the northeast, cut off the defenders' retreat and captured the mountain by default. The full story of that has yet to be told.

While we were talking to the artillery brigadier the defense brigadier officially tried to intervene, saying "Gentlemen you can't print that." The real soldier told him off. Fortunately Brigadier Blimp, as some of them called him, later fell down a ravine and sprained his ankle, putting himself out of action.

We returned to the plains by the same route, jolting over a mountain road 140 miles long and seemingly composed of 50 percent of switchback turns.

Two jeeps broke springs, putting a squeeze on the remaining five. Monpa road workers cheered and smiled at us and enlivened one stop by dancing for us in their

clumsy felt boots.

We spent one night each way in division headquarters at Dhirang Dzong, at 5,000 feet, sleeping on the concrete floor of a shed. I had to talk on the porch of the Officers' Club with the division commander, who had been appointed from a desk job in Delhi only two weeks before that. He was really worried. We learned later that he walked out of the hills with most of his men after the Chinese ceasefire.

We got back to Tezpur dust-covered, bruised and bone-weary. Our stories passed through a heavy-handed censorship and finally were released on Nov. 15, three days before Se La fell.

Tezpur itself went through the ordeal of panic and evacuation on the eve of the ceasefire. ■



How Do You Get It Out?

Recent difficulties between India and Communist China have given new and vital importance to some of the most remote, most backward areas in the world. These Himalayan borderlands may delight anthropologists, but their exotic datelines offer newsmen a nightmare in transportation, communication and bureaucratic confusion.

Urgent military and economic needs are catapulting the kingdom of Bhutan into the jeep age, but until a year ago most of its people had not even heard of the wheel. All the country's imports were carried over the mountains and through leech-ridden rain forests on the backs of mules or human beings.

When I went to Bhutan in the first press party to be permitted there, I had to travel six days from the Indian border to reach Paro, the temporary capital. As my mule plodded forward along treacherous trails, I felt as if I were being carried backward in time to the Middle Ages.

The sprawling monastery that dominates the fertile Paro valley seemed at first glance an unlikely source of front-page news. Hundreds of robed monks ceaselessly recited the Buddhist scriptures, just as their forbears had done for centuries.

The lay elders of Bhutan gathered in an ornate hall to discuss taxes and crops and to pay obeisance to their Druk Gyalpo, or Dragon King, a shy young man who suffered from ulcers and chain-smoked American filter-tipped cigarettes.

But it was in the monastery courtyard that two other Western reporters and I first learned of a major Chinese Communist military buildup near the borders of India, Bhutan and Sikkim. Reports from Tibetan refugees and high Bhutanese officials told vividly of a new uprising in southern Tibet against Communist oppression. Hundreds of Tibetans were said to have been slaughtered.

We felt we had a good story, but how to file it? The Indian Government operated an erratic wireless link between Paro and Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, but officials refused to transmit press messages. So we reporters agreed to embargo the story for ten days, until we were back in Calcutta.

When we reached Calcutta, we found our story starting at us from the front pages. We learned that it had been transmitted abroad hours earlier by the wire services. An Indian parliamentary delegation that had left Paro a day ahead of us had talked freely with waiting reporters at the border.

Some months later, I toured another border area, the Naga Hills. For years the Indian Army had been trying unsuccessfully to suppress a Naga secessionist rebellion, and I hoped to learn what was happening. Meanwhile, a short-wave transistor radio enabled me to keep an ear on the rest of the world.

I was taking a bucket bath one evening in Kohima, the Naga capital, when the BBC broadcast the news of a coup d'etat in Nepal. This was in my area of coverage, but I had a good stringer in Katmandu and was not worried (although I learned later that he had been accidentally locked in the royal palace for eight hours and could not file).

But one of my wire service colleagues was distressed. He had been in Nepal a week earlier, and was itching to file thousands of words of background and analysis on the coup. He typed a press message that, according to best available estimates, would have taken Kohima's sole Morse operator five days to tap out.

But not even the lead was transmitted until hours later. The Morse operator had never before seen a collect cable card, and he was decidedly dubious. Only when a high Indian official left a dinner party and intervened did the telegrapher agree that maybe—just maybe—he could trust the AP. ■

By Paul Grimes

THE NEW YORK TIMES'
Paul Grimes is something of an old Southeast Asia hand. A native New Yorker and graduate of Cornell, he worked on newspapers in Kansas City, Mo. and Providence before setting off to free lance in India. He served as an official of the U. S. Information Agency in Bombay, worked for two years in Thailand as assistant editor of the BANGKOK POST. Back home, he joined the NEW YORK DAILY NEWS as a copy-reader and moved over to THE TIMES in the same position. In 1959, THE TIMES sent Grimes to India. Since 1962 he has been an editor on THE TIMES foreign news desk.



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LIGHT ON THE DARK CONTINENT

Except for its northern and southern fringes, Africa was long a dark continent for newsmen as well as everybody else. But no longer. In half a decade its new countries have tried to catch up with at least several centuries of history—with predictable results. For newsmen this has created problems, dangers—and opportunities for headlines. Three NEW YORK TIMES staffers, and one each from NBC, and AP describe in the following pages five different aspects of jet age reporting in Africa.



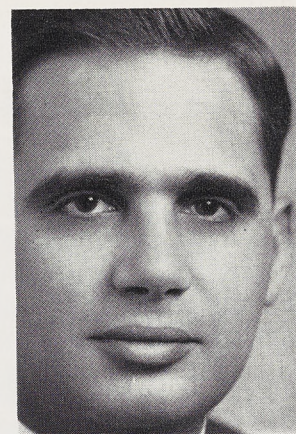
Olympio's Sole Extravagance

Covering Togo's coup d'etat often felt a bit like covering a murder at a fashionable beach resort. By the time I negotiated the tortuous road up the coast from Lagos, Togo's capital city of Lome was slumbering peacefully again under a brilliant sun. The loudest sound in town was the crash of the surf on the dazzling beach. A few photographers still maneuvered for new angles of the gateway to the United States embassy where President Sylvanus Olympio was shot. Newly-arrived correspondents asked the obliging ambassador to retell—for the fortieth time—how he discovered the body. Down at the little French bar on the corner, two customers traced the scene of the crime on a cocktail napkin and argued strenuously over the meaning of the door found open to the embassy's Plymouth sedan.

Press headquarters was the Hotel Benin, an imposing example of Miami Beach Baroque, replete with a kidney-shaped swimming pool. The Benin was Mr. Olympio's sole extravagance. Normally a tight-fisted man with money, he dipped into the country's Cocoa Stabilization Fund to build the hotel. If he had spent the same money on the country's miniscule army, he might be alive today. For months he had been telling 800 Togolese recently discharged from the French army that the country could not afford to absorb them into the army. It was these soldiers who organized the coup and shot Mr. Olympio.

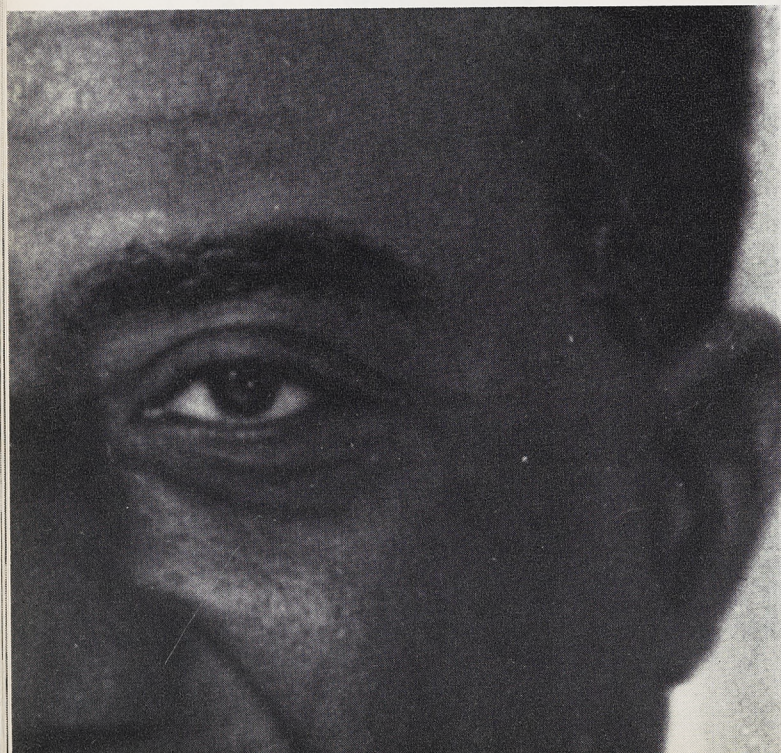
If the living was easy at the Benin, any of us would have given up our lobster at lunch for a telephone line

J. Anthony Lukas, now Leopoldville correspondent for THE NEW YORK TIMES, began his journalistic career working summers for a number of newspapers. In 1958 he joined the BALTIMORE SUN as a police and general assignment reporter. Lukas joined THE TIMES in 1962 in the Washington Bureau.



to the office. Togo's communications must be some of the worst in the world. A free wheeler-dealer in international politics, Mr. Olympio consistently refused to tie himself too closely to France. The consequence was that unlike some of the former French territories, Togo has no telex link with Paris and its cable facilities are primitive. The ministry of information told reporters they could telephone their stories to Paris, but one reporter spent 32 hours waiting for a line and when he got it the desk man at the other end asked through the static what language he was speaking. This left only the two and a half hour drive back down to coast to Kotonou, capital of Dahomey, which had one telex machine. ■

A La Carte Only



What used to be known as French West Africa is now a fascinating collection of new nations, each of them trying to look like France in tropical setting.

But, as says General de Gaulle, "things being what they are," West Africa has remained African despite Charles Aznavour records blared at airports and dignified "sommeliers" at official receptions.

Frenchmen are at home in ex-Afrique Occidentale Francaise, except in Mali and Guinea which are coping bitterly with the after-effects of their experiment with Marxism. (The whole thing apparently was "une petite erreur"—a small error—as one Guinean put it.)

Foreigners—and this applies particularly to newsmen—should arrive equipped with visas which can be easily obtained at French consulates, with more difficulty at the embassies of the nations concerned. Lack of a visa can frequently result in a departure on the next plane out—regardless of where it is going. This is particularly true in Bamako and Conakry but may also happen elsewhere.

Most West African capitals have telephone and cable links with Paris, much less so with their own interior outposts. It is easier to call Paris from Nouakchott, Mauritania, than not-too-distant Fort Gouraud.

Plane connections are still basically oriented toward the former "Metropole." For example, Dakar has two flights a day to Paris but only one a week to the capital

American Warmongers

Nairobi—It was evident from the start that the Afro-Asian Peoples' Solidarity Conference would be fraught with what Timothy Costello, the late Third Avenue pharmacist, called a "dichotomy of intentions."

The scene was Moshi, a sleepy town on the slopes of Kilimanjaro in northern Tanganyika with the distinction of being one of the few places on this planet where the nimble banana is transformed into a brew of a potency that will make even the mildest of men jump up and shake hands with the bishop.

For ten days the town swelled with 500 strangers—Ghanaians, Egyptians, Pakistanis, Russians, Basutoland-ers, Chinese, 80 correspondents and a half-dozen Algerians. These last two groups were easy to spot.

The Algerians were the only people who wore sunglasses at night. The correspondents had no beds. The press hotel it turned out had been "nationalized" for delegates and marauding bands of Youth Wingers who made sure no one else got in. Jomo Kenyatta, old "Burning Spear", also helped out by sending down his Kenya African National Union party (KANU) band, a group of music lovers who gave every impression of being more life than drum.

Douglas Willis, BBC's former Washington correspondent, confronted a Greek hotel keeper with threats that "All British aid to Tanganyika, sir, will be suspended in the morning!" and got rooms for himself and William E. Smith of Time-Life. Smith, a quiet Californian who moves around in the loping gait of a Masai, found nine

Before going overseas for THE NEW YORK TIMES, Robert Conley covered UN sessions, did night rewrite, covered New Jersey's Hudson County, real estate and ship news for that newspaper, after starting as an office boy in 1952. Now 35, Conley has covered a good deal of ground since leaving his hometown of Worcester, Mass. to attend Boston Latin School and Brown. He has done graduate work at Harvard and Columbia, served in a Marine Corps underwater demolition unit, tended bar, toured with an opera company and studied Italian.



other searchers of wisdom in his room at one point, showering, shaving and typing.

Newsweek's Africa man, John P. Nugent, who somehow manages to have a fresh white handkerchief billowing from his jacket pocket whether in Ouagadougou or Zanzibar, found a place high up on Kilimanjaro to get the proper perspective.

Down on the plains we were getting as wobbly-kneed as the giraffes from a week of being buffeted by the winds of dialectic about "American warmongering." George Clay of NBC looked up from another of the spontaneous demonstrations.

"There is less here than meets the eye," he said. ■

of neighboring Mali and three times a week to Conakry to the south. In order to fly quickly from Dakar to Brazzaville, one correspondent had to return to Paris.

Scheduling a complicated trip in former French colonies in Africa can be a trying experience. The newly-formed airlines such as Air-Afrique, Air-Mali, Air Guinea change their schedules frequently.

Hotel rooms are another problem. The French "mission civilisatrice" has equipped most ex-colonial capitals with good hotels. In some of them new hotels have been added since independence. Yet the frequency of various African meetings and conventions puts a heavy strain on the available hotel facilities and on the traveling newsman.

Virtually without any notice, entire hotels are requisitioned by the governments to house this or that trade or good-will delegation which decided to call on the capital. The clients thus expelled have no further appeal.

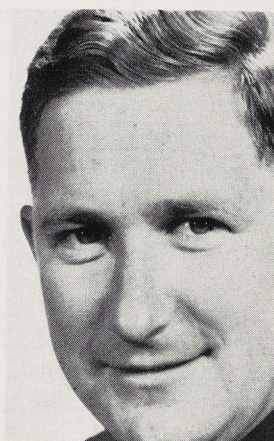
You can generally get help from U.S. Embassies around the circuit. Sometimes there is no choice but to sleep in the embassy communications room or the press officer's house—if he has one.

Those entertaining their African contacts should remember that French-speaking Africans are extroverts. You invite one and three will show up. And, being of French culture, they like to eat well. Don't try to peddle the fixed menu. They didn't go for nothing to French

universities. Before you know it, they have found the "a la carte" side and are saying "look, Théophile, il y a du caviar!" You may try and suggest smoked salmon and they will say "excellente idée"—and take both. ■

At the age of 15 Andrew Borowiec took part in the Warsaw uprising against the Nazis in World War II and still carries shrapnel fragments in one leg as a memento of the experience. Although this was obviously excellent experience for the turmoil and danger he experienced during the bloodiest periods of the Algerian war, perhaps of greater aid was his complete command of the French language. Now 34, Polish-born Borowiec is currently Associated Press correspondent for Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco. He also is responsible for getting news out of the newly created countries that were once part of French Black Africa. He, his wife and two children call Tunis their home. He joined AP in 1956 after coming to America after the war and studying journalism at Columbia.

By Andrew Borowiec





DATELINE: KATANGA

Those Comforting Ghurkas

As wars go, the third and final round in Katanga was relatively "clean."

For the nearly 50 correspondents and photographers on hand, this meant there was just enough action in the first week to make the story interesting. But there was none of the indiscriminate bloodshed that characterized last December's second round of fighting.

The difference was that the fighting was out in the open, not in the streets of Elisabethville. As one veteran of both rounds put it: "At least this time you knew where the front was and who was shooting at whom." (There was also a certain comfort in knowing that the Gurkhas or Raj Rifles were in front of you.)

India's Gen. Dewan Prem Chand, over-all chief of U.N.

forces in Katanga, and Brig. "Reggie" Noronha, the field commander, received top marks for their "open door" policy towards newsmen.

Correspondents were not only welcomed at the front, but were frequently given 24-hour advance previews of the Indian's strategy to enable them to be at the right place at the right time.

While covering the military side of the story was made easy, getting out the story was a nightmare. For the first week there was no telegraph and only one phone link to Rhodesia. This broke down as often as it worked. Some tried filing through radio hams. Others gave their copy to the American and British consulates to be relayed to correspondents in Leopoldville or Salisbury. Many stories never made their deadlines.

The situation finally improved when the U.N. captured the border town of Kipushi and newsmen could charter a "copy" plane for a twice-a-day flight to Kitwe, in Northern Rhodesia.

DATELINE: SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA

A Dangerous Possession

I can think of no rougher story to cover than one of Africa's "bush wars" in the Congo.

There are all kinds of problems, including lack of communications. But the worst is the fact that you never know where the bullets, arrows or spears are coming from.

Then there are such basic challenges as finding food, water, and a chance and place to wash and shave.

I've covered all three of the Katanga "wars". Each was a newsman's nightmare.

To survive, a reporter has to have the agility and reflexes to hit the nearest ditch before that second bullet, from God knows where, is on its way.

He needs to drive well enough to push an automobile at high speed over roads a good rally driver would blanch at. He needs an ear that recognizes the first flutter a mortar bomb makes before it hits. He needs a cast iron stomach to take a steady diet of canned foods.

And perhaps most of all he needs a lot of luck.

The last war in Katanga was the least lethal of the three but probably the most difficult to cover.

I got into it on Dec. 28, 1962, flying first from Salisbury to Kitwe in Northern Rhodesia, the jump-off point for Katanga.

At Kitwe, UPI photographer David Davis and I laid on the supplies I knew from past forays into Katanga we would need. We hired a sturdy car with two spare wheels and loaded it with two cans of gasoline, a supply of canned food, candles, a flashlight, a case of beer and cartons of cigarets to bribe guards at roadblocks along the way.

We had arranged for UN and Katanga press identification cards. The UN pass went into one sock, the Katanga press card into the other. In Katanga, it's unhealthy to carry press passes in wallets or pockets. Both sides are apt to search you at any time and both can become decidedly angry to find a pass from the other side. They never yet have searched my socks.

Our first two efforts to get to Elisabethville were turned back.

We got to within about five miles of the Katanga capital the first time when a party of fleeing Katangans stopped us, commandeered our car and made us drive them to a command post seven miles away.

Then we were pointed back to the border and told to "git." We "got" but tried to come back another way the next day, Sunday. This time a guard post turned us around.

Early Monday, we tried again and finally reached Elisabethville with only one nervous incident. A few miles outside the capital excited Ethiopian UN troops suddenly leaped out at us from the roadside bush waving their rifles. Davis positioned his camera to take pic-



In contrast to the military's dealings with the press, the U.N.'s civilian information policy was best summed up by the monotonous "no comments" from George Sherry, the acting civilian chief. Daily briefings by civilian authorities were suspended after the third day of the fighting and were never resumed, despite repeated requests from the press. Almost as frustrated as the newsmen were the U.N.'s four willing press spokesmen. They were kept almost totally uninformed and might just as well have been in New York.

For Americans in particular (and most any national whose country was supporting the U.N. operation), the most unsettling aspect of covering Katanga was the fear of being taken as a "spy" by Katanga gendarmes. To Arthur Bonner, CBS, Weldon Wallace, Baltimore Sun, and Lionel Fleming, an Irishman of the BBC, the war was anything but clean. All three were arrested by gendarmes when they tried to reach Elizabethville by road from Rhodesia. They were beaten, then driven to a

lonely clearing in the bush, ordered to strip, and were about to be shot by a firing squad when a Katangese major just happened to pass by and reversed the decision. ■

By Lloyd Garrison

Lloyd G. McKim Garrison of THE NEW YORK TIMES was born in New York but raised in Madison, Wis. While attending Harvard, from which he graduated in 1954, he worked as a copy boy for UPI. There followed six years of radio and TV work before Garrison decided in 1960 to go to Africa to freelance. With his bride of a few weeks, he found himself in the Congo covering its independence celebrations and the troubles that followed. Back in New York, Garrison worked briefly for NEWSWEEK. Now 32, he has currently been on THE TIMES for just over two years.

tures and they threatened to shoot him if he did. Davis lowered his camera and they let us proceed.

Press headquarters in Elisabethville were in the misnamed Grand Hotel Leopold II. It was already crowded with newsmen and white refugees from the city's outskirts.

There was no light, no water, no food and no staff except for the manager and a handful of Africans. The room boys, waiters and kitchen staff had fled with the first shots on Dec. 27.

There were no regular communications out of the city. UN Tunisian troops occupied the post office. Dispatches sent through the UN were taking 36 hours to reach London and New York.

Two other news agency men and I had the use of a secret radio phone link to Rhodesia. Those without the phone link had to make a 230-mile round trip through jittery Ethiopians and hostile, beaten Katanga gendarmes to get their copy, tape, photos and film to the outside world.

Because the Katangans believed the United States was masterminding the UN offensive, an American passport became a dangerous possession.

Three newsmen—Weldon Wallace of the Baltimore Sun, Arthur Bonner of CBS and Lionel Fleming of the BBC—were arrested on one such journey and rescued as Katangan troops were preparing to shoot them.

When the "war" moved out of the city on the road to Jadotville the press went along at the invitation of the

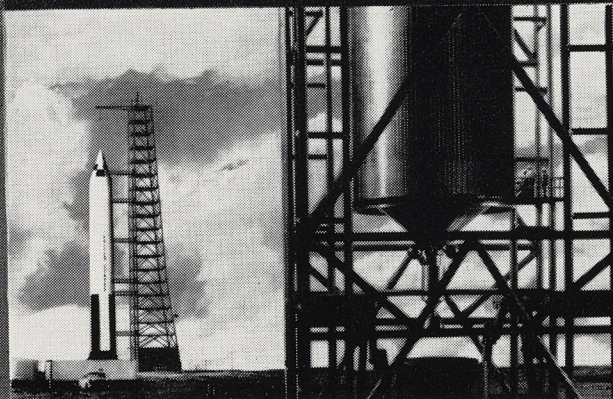
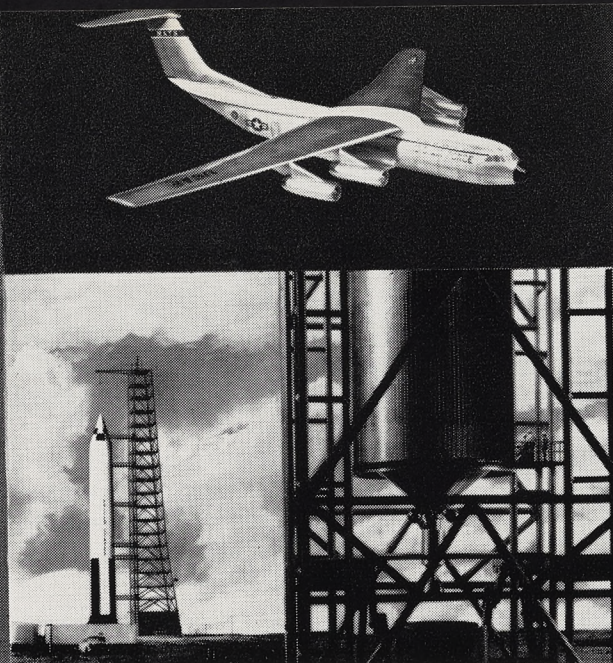
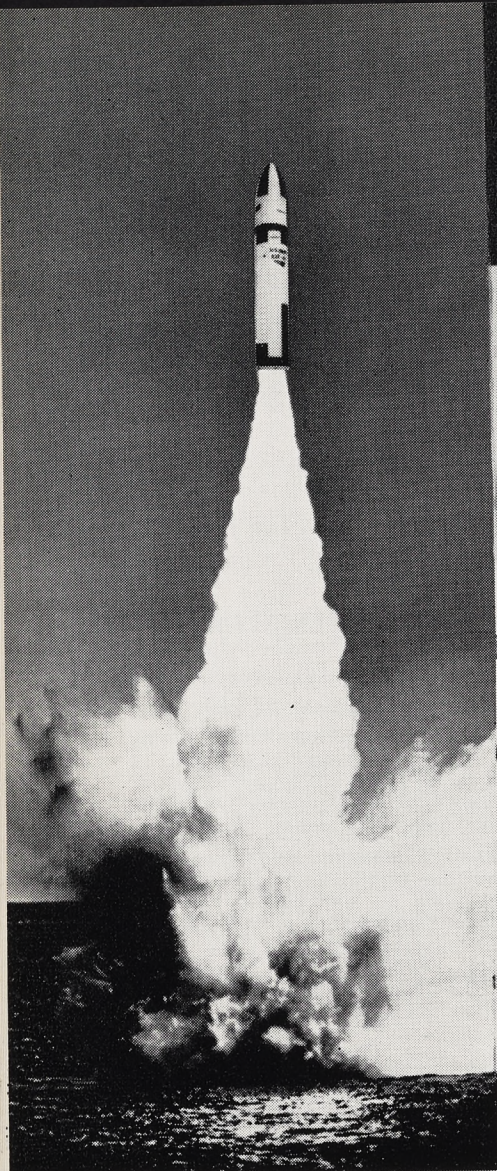
UN force commander, Brigadier Reginald Noronha. Much has been written about that trip. It was just as bad as everyone said it was.

A book could be written about what it's like to cover that kind of war, and probably will be. The most infuriating part of it all is journalistic frustration.

After all the cans of pressed meat, all the wild auto rides, all the dunkings in muddy streams, all the bug bites and bullets you managed to miss, it all too often happened that a United Nations communique from Leopoldville or New York beat your on-the-spot report by hours. And took the headlines. ■

By Peter D. Lynch

A native of Sydney, Australia, United Press International's Peter D. Lynch is that agency's bureau manager in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. He joined UPI in London, later served in Lagos and Johannesburg. He is 31.

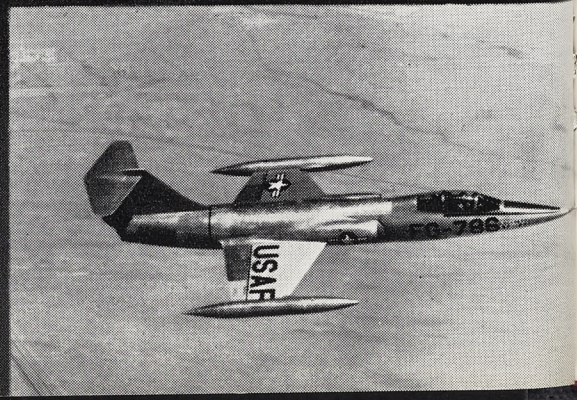
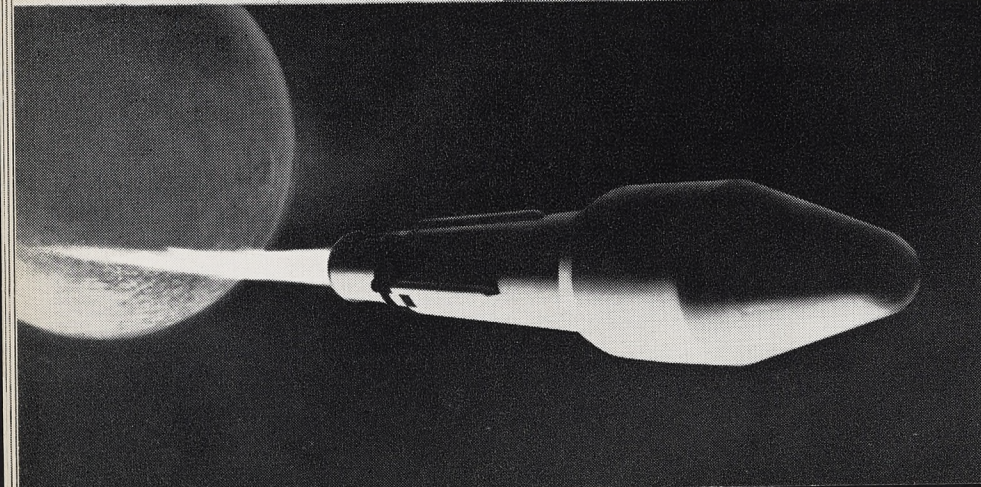
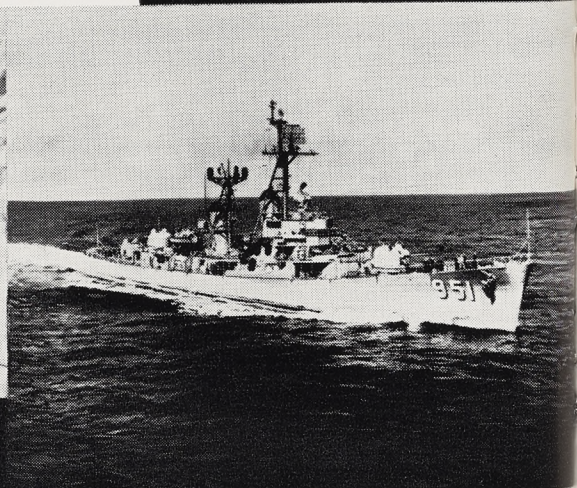
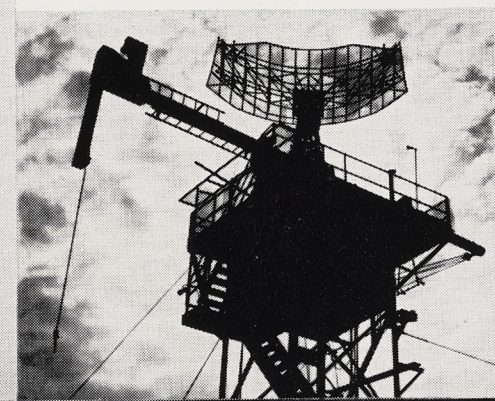
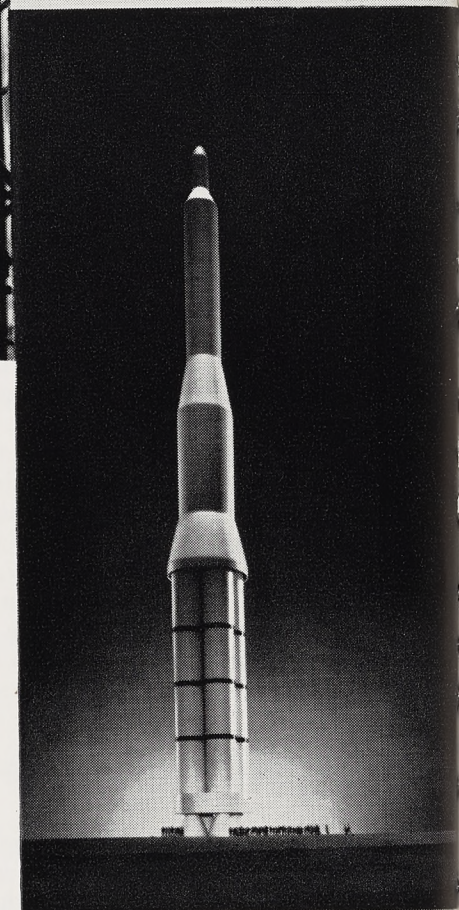


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NEWEST FOREIGN BEAT: OUTER SPACE

With tongue only partly in cheek, ABC's Jules Bergman imagines what U. S. astronauts will find when they finally get to the moon.

DATELINE: THE MOON

Welcome, Comrades!

The time: 6:42 a.m. L.S.T. (Lunar Standard Time). The date: July 17, 1968. The event: America's first lunar landing. Astronauts Alan Shepard and Neal Armstrong of NASA emerge from their lunar bug onto the Moon's surface. They've been warned to expect a cobwebby maze of dust covering jagged boulders, but find a steel landing mat conveniently awaiting. And a welcoming committee.

Cosmonauts Yuri Gagarin, Nicolai Popovitch, and their technicians nod approvingly. "Good landing, comrade," Gagarin declares through his instant voice translator. "Welcome to the Moon! We are glad you could make it. We have gotten lonely waiting for you. Come, this way, to customs. You of course have your Soviet visas..."

After lunch and a quick lunar sightseeing visit on a Russian half-track, serious talk begins. "It was quite a race, comrade," Popovitch says, "but can you tell me why you bothered to come? We could have rocketed you back all the rock samples, meteorite fragments, and scientific data you needed... and, after all, this place is worse than Siberia and Cuba rolled up into one. Only all in one day. Freezing cold half the day, broiling hot the other half..."

Scowling, Shepard replies, "Well, we just wanted to see for ourselves."

"Of course," Gagarin nods pleasantly, you are welcome here. Except in our launching area. Secrecy, you know..."

Wild? Perhaps, but though we are now deeply involved as a nation in a race to the Moon, there are grave doubts if we can be first. And our operational plan for getting to the Moon still finds our talents and resources divided senselessly, with the Air Force and NASA scientific manpower split instead of being combined into a single Space Agency to save men and money as the Soviets have sensibly done. Though our scientific satellites (Explorer, Tiros, OSO, etc.), have been highly successful, they're the less glamorous side. Manned machines still are the major drama. And every sign points to continued Soviet leadership. Not launching as many men or spacecraft as we, but making larger steps each time than we do.

Since the Soviets lock their space program in military security, it's practically impossible to know Where They Stand. But they always know Where We Stand—we tell them. And they know our weaknesses, as well as our strength. Trouble is, we don't know our own weaknesses vs. strength.

Naïvely, we stick to that ubiquitously American myth: that we can always win, if we start late, by pouring more money into any given project. That was true through World War II, but not any more. Lead time—may be our

downfall. Lead time—the years required before all the planning pays off in operational hardware. For a new jet fighter, figure five years. For new boosters and spacecraft, a minimum of five to six years. But the opposition, knowing our next move, can plot his move a few steps ahead.

And so top U.S. scientists and rocket engineers all but concede lunar victory to the Russians. They talk wishfully of leapfrogging the Moon—going direct to Mars—so we finally get ahead of them.

They may be wrong. The Russians may goof, or run out of rubles for rockets. But it's most unlikely. And in terms of political/scientific symbolism, the Moon means more to them possibly than to us: having stalemated us on Earth, what could be more meaningful to them than to outplot us and get to the Moon first.

Certainly, conquest of the Moon is one of the great human triumphs of this or any other century. We started late. We failed to correctly assess our opponent. We had no organization, only confusion, in the beginning. Now we're overorganized, spreading out in all directions. But we are transforming our industry and engineers overnight—gearing them to the scientific revolution. And we are going to get more mileage per gallon in space—in terms of weather/communications/navigational satellites than the Russians.

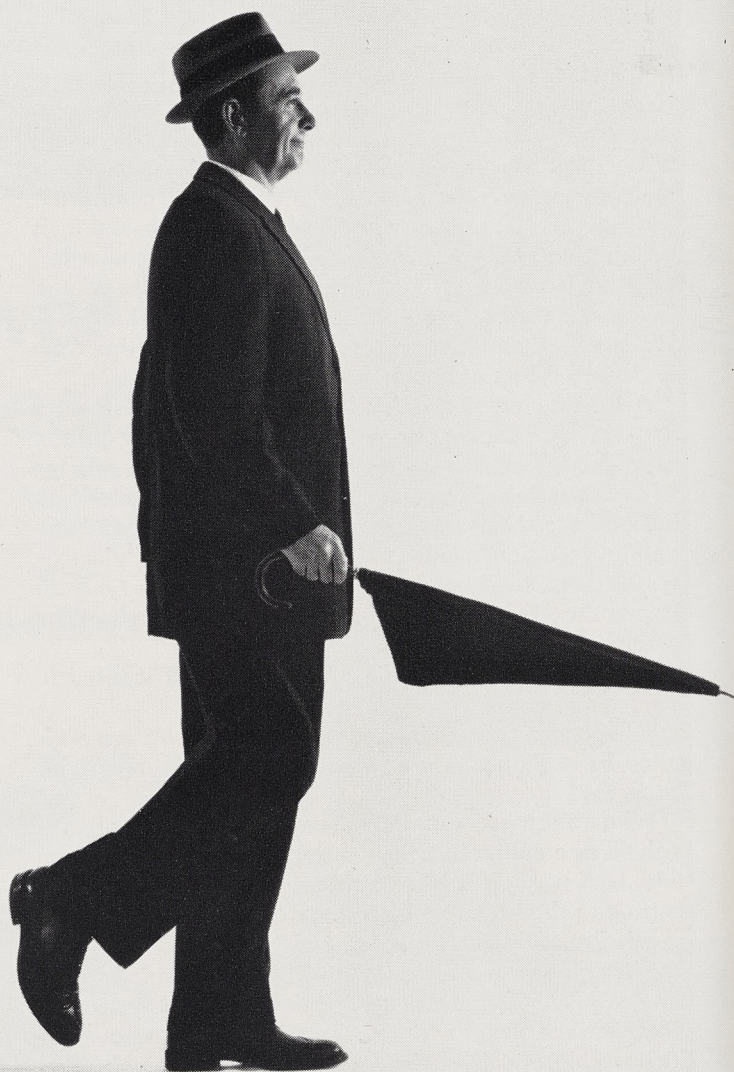
So, ironically, the Space Race will mean more to us than them. They may win the big first spectacular, but we'll end up with more staying power, and in the end, gain greater benefits.

Now, if we could just get a little better organized a little sooner....

By Jules Bergman



Jules Bergman first became a newsman in 1949 as a *TIME* trainee but switched to broadcasting a few months later. In 1950 he began specializing in science and medicine when he was a writer-newscaster for Manhattan's WFDR. Bergman joined ABC in 1952 and has since done many of that network's top science and health shows. Bergman has been described as a "method" reporter because of his tendency to live his assignments. Covering astronaut training, for example, he himself went through NASA's qualification tests. Not coincidentally, both Bergman and his wife, Joanne, are registered pilots.



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THE EAST RIVER BEAT

To get overseas these days, a newsman need only wander over to U Thant's place on Manhattan's First Avenue. *The New York Times'* Alexander Burnham here tells of the difficulties involved in penetrating the U.N.'s official fog.

DATELINE: UNITED NATIONS

Drop that Trenchcoat, Al, this is only First Avenue



It is not difficult to be a United Nations correspondent. All that is required, really, is a certain semantic flexibility with key words in the English language, such as accommodation, arrangement, disarray, fruitful, useful, understood and so forth.

Also helpful is an ability to know the difference between usually reliable sources and experts. Lastly it is well to know when a crisis is grave, extremely grave, critical, developing, impending and (on rare occasions) just a crisis.

Let us take an example. Suppose that the Soviet Union and the United States have agreed to discuss the fate of mankind in secret talks held under the auspices of the U.N. At such a critical time the United States spokesman has been instructed to reveal nothing except what the representatives had for lunch. The Soviet spokesman continues to maintain that peaceful co-existence is at the heart of the matter, but gives no details. We are reduced to getting the facts from the United Nations spokesman.

Spokesman (very suave, very affable): Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Well, I have very little to report today, I'm afraid. As you know, the United States and the Soviet Union met for three hours to discuss the fate of mankind, but the delegates had to adjourn to allow time to prepare for a gala performance of the Bolshoi Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House tonight, for which the Russians will be the host. Beyond that I can add very little.

Question: In other words, Jim, word on whether Khrushchev or Kennedy plan to blow us up tonight must await the dawn?

Spokesman (a slight but discordant edge to his voice): Well, Ed, that of course is an important point and I'm glad you mentioned it. But I think it may be a bit premature to bring it up just at this moment.

Question: Might we ask the question, Jim, when the missiles are flying overhead?

Spokesman (feeling that he may be losing control of the briefing, but determined to retain a pleasant mood of give and take): Well, Harry, ha ha, when the missiles start flying, ha ha, I hope you'll, ha ha, let me know so that I can ask the Secretary General to put the question before, ha ha, the Security Council. (Press corps laughs.)

Question: Would you say, Jim, that negotiations on the fate of mankind were optimistic or pessimistic?

Spokesman (now on firmer ground, responds effusively): Well, Al, I should say that they were — this of course is completely off the record and just for your background — hopeful. I do have a brief statement, however, which I have been authorized to read. It says: 'The United States and the Soviet Union held useful and constructive talks today on the fate of mankind under United Nations auspices'.

(Spokesman looks pleased; newsmen like brain-washed POWs.)

Question: Would you say, Jim, that when you say "useful and constructive" we could construe that to mean that the talks were productive?

Spokesman (rather pained that the wording of the statement is not clear): Well, Joe, productive is a rather strong word, isn't it? I'd say "fruitful" rather than productive would be more accurate.

Question: Thank you, Mr. Spokesman.

(As briefing adjourns New York City begins testing its air raid sirens. All start violently, except spokesman, who walks away with Mona Lisa smile.)

You might think that on the basis of this briefing it might be hard to write a story. It isn't. To give you the

idea, here are a few sample lead paragraphs.

The New York Times: The United States and the Soviet Union continued today what a United Nations spokesman described as "useful and constructive" discussions on the fate of mankind.

New York Herald Tribune: Has mankind had it? That was the whispered Topic A going the rounds in the swank, smoke-filled Delegates Lounge last night.

Time Magazine (three days later): One night last week 109 newsmen filed out of wood-paneled Conference Room 11* in a sober mood. Would mankind survive, they asked themselves? It was a question of somewhat more than passing interest.

NBC/CBS/ABC: At the United Nations today the United States and the Soviet Union discussed the fate of mankind for three hours. After the meeting our correspondent asked a U.N. spokesman how mankind's chances appeared at the moment.

"Well, of course, Chet, that's not really up to me to say, is it? I can say, however, that the Secretary General is keenly interested in the problem and indeed has appointed a fact-finding group to make recommendations."

Question: What countries make up the committee, sir?

Spokesman: Indonesia, Ghana and Bulgaria.

Reporters retire in disarray to check their air raid shelters. ■

*Also known as the British room, because it was paid for by the British.

By Alexander Burnham



Alexander Burnham was dispatched to the United Nations by THE NEW YORK TIMES last fall. It was only a matter of weeks before he was roundly denounced by the Russians, who found his reports on U.N. debates a bit too sharp for Communist tastes. A South American country later circulated "a memorandum of clarification" concerning one of his dispatches which its officials didn't quite like. Burnham, 37, is a native New Yorker who received his early journalistic training on the HARTFORD COURANT. After a brief spell of sports reporting for the NASSAU DAILY REVIEW-STAR, he joined the Associated Press, where he was night editor of the World Desk in New York for ten years. At the moment he is probing into New York's urban renewal program and related affairs.



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Creating hope for a better life

To Mother India, the shortage of food is an age-old problem. The yield from her tired soil, overfarmed for centuries, has seldom kept pace with the needs of her teeming millions.

To enrich her land, India needs access to modern chemical fertilizers. But their manufacture has been costly and uneconomical, for India has few resources of natural gas—the common raw material for ammonia and synthetic fertilizer production.

Today, a changing technology holds out hope for India. In the southern province of Kerala a large, modern plant has just gone on stream using a new chemical process that is creating a quiet revolution in the world-wide production of fertilizers. Developed and licensed by Texaco, this process makes possible, for the first time, the production of synthetic fertilizers from any hydrocarbon available. In India it is naphtha, a by-product of her oil refineries.

In Korea, Japan, Formosa, Spain, Italy, and ten other countries around the world, the Texaco "Synthesis Gas Generation Process" utilizes whatever is the most economical and readily available fuel, from crude oil to residual stock — even to natural gas.

For many of these countries, as for India, this new development has brought a fresh hope for an easing of their chronic food problems—another step toward a better life through Texaco Research.



THE LIGHTER MOMENTS

A foreign correspondent can still have a sense of humor. ABC's Sidney Lazard admits he wasn't much of a success covering a Paris fashion show. THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE's Don Wald describes what the Berlin wall has done to fox hunting. Henry Tanner of THE NEW YORK TIMES chases a major story only to find that he should have stayed in bed. UPI's Frank Beatty gets a promise of a street named after him in the Peruvian Andes. The AP's Lynn Heinzerling interviews an African with a wistful view of the meaning of freedom. And THE TIMES' Benjamin Welles finds a couple of forgotten colonies as yet unseared by the winds of nationalism.



Fashion is Hell!

I've been a reporter for many years now and have never turned down an assignment, no matter what. But journalism and I almost came to the parting of the ways recently over an assignment you would expect most red-blooded young American reporters to jump at. I jumped and fell into one of the most frightening situations I have ever been subjected to, a veritable sea of quicksand where a man feels himself slowly being pulled under and no help anywhere.

The name of the assignment is treacherously appealing. Fashion Shows. I'd never covered one in my life before, and naturally being a bachelor I looked forward with a certain amount of pleasure to the pretty girls, the dresses, the pretty girls, the excitement, the pretty girls and the champagne.

I came through the experience all right, but a shaken man. The first thing I did when I got back to the office was send off an urgent cable to New York begging to be sent to the Congo, or Angola, or Iraq, where a man at least has a 50-50 chance of survival. At a fashion show, there's no chance: He's dead.

Let me describe my ordeal, step by step. My first shock was asking permission to report the shows. I figured fashion designers liked publicity, lived on it, in fact. No such thing. They hate us. They don't want us around. They won't let us take pictures and there are at least two dozen would-be Commissars hanging around each salon, looking for hidden cameras.

Once you get a ticket you enter the Salon, figuring you have a reserved seat. They are reserved, but for people who BUY, not those who just LOOK. I was a looker so I stood in a corner for three hours, wedged in by a rather plump lady who bragged to me that she sees all the shows and has never bought a thing, and would my wife like her to copy that stunning dress now being shown, because she could make an exact duplicate.



Sidney Lazard of ABC News is no stranger to Paris. Lazard spent many of his early years there, though he took time out to attend the University of Chicago. He worked on COLLIER'S until it folded, later wrote for THE REPORTER, UPI and THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES. In 1961 Lazard was an information officer on the staff of U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Adlai Stevenson. He joined ABC last year. Although he reports here in a frivolous vein, Lazard is best known for his beat on the end of the war in Algeria.

By Sidney Lazard

And another thing: all the dresses have names, but no one is there to tell you what they are or what they're made of. And everytime I asked, all I got were dirty looks and signs to be quiet.

After the show, determined to get some information, I began looking for the manager...that was almost my undoing. I got caught in a fitting room and almost bought a gold brocaded evening dress. I entered another room where I saw some men entering only to be told it was the models fitting room and the men were designers and such, while I was nothing but a Peeping Tom.

I was handed a platter of champagne glasses and served at least 15 people before I could drop the tray and then wound up in the manager's office where instead of an interview I was frisked, then grilled for a half hour on where had I hidden the film. I got out of the Salon just as a cloth manufacturer almost had me sold on three thousand yards of silvery tweed which he assured me was the thing.

As I say, I got back to the office and sent that cable to New York. And I'm serious. Assign me to a fashion show and I'll turn in my typewriter and tape recorder.

War is hell, but I'll take one any time. It's more secure. ■

DATELINE: BUENOS AIRES

Yankee Inca

Someday an innocent explorer or geologist will lose his mind all because a couple of Unipressers couldn't resist that last "one for the road."

It all began in January, 1962, at which time I was hustled from the New York office, camera in hand, with instructions to grab a plane for Ranrahirca, Peru, where an avalanche had just wiped from the face of the earth the complete village and over 5,000 of its inhabitants. Boarding the next flight to Lima, I soon discovered that one just doesn't grab a flight to Ranrahirca—one hardly grabs anything less mobile than a long-haired llama for a journey to this city which was located some 13,000 feet in the Peruvian Andes.

I soon found the next best means of transportation—a 1939 Ford being piloted by a long-haired Indian who swore to be a direct descendant of Barney Oldfield. Occasionally roaring through the flocks of llama herders

who paused to capture the little amount of air available at 9,000 feet; this twelve-hour nightmare took us through, over and under some of the most breath-taking scenery I've ever seen. And I do mean breath-taking. Going down the sides of sheer mountain cliffs over "roads" that surely were hand-carved by the Incas ages ago to be used for nothing more than a footpath to the privy, I soon discovered that Barney's cousin "knew these parts" back when he was a small boy taking part in the rustling of vicuna under cover of darkness.

Practically every time we came to a curve in the trail, our view of the bottomless valley below was marred by the appearance of small wooden crosses protruding from the four-inch embankment that stood between us and our great reward. My one-armed driver (not careless but using the right arm to bless himself) explained that the crosses represent accidents.

We finally managed to tight-rope walk the remaining kilometers and arrived at the scene of the tragedy where I was joined by fellow Unipresser Carlos J. Villar Borda of the Bogota bureau. We went about the gruesome task

"Fuchs ist Todt"

On a sunny Spring day on the Kurfurstendamm, when the lights glint on the glass of the sidewalk showcases and the West Berliner hausfrauen wear their Persian Lamb coats unbuttoned, it is the occasional custom of some correspondents to take a lengthy stroll with an eye to observing the populace and inhibiting the growth of the abdomen.

Easter Monday, when the Soviets either were buzzing our planes in the corridors or were not buzzing our planes in the corridors (Army Information was being its usual enlightening self), I was engaged in just such a stroll. Joseph Fleming, the Overwhelming Presence of West Berlin, would not come along because he wouldn't walk across the street if he could get someone to carry him, and Dwight Martin, the Eminence Grise, had departed. It was a lonely walk. I began looking at the ball-point pen displays. It takes a fervent love of the small mechanisms of life to dare produce such windowsful of ball-point pens as are available in West Berlin.

Standing in front of one of the most artistically arranged windows, (some of the pens were at angles to the other pens) I noticed an acquaintance of former months, a short, wiry man named Maxl who cares for the horses at a riding school near the Grunewald Forest and arranges for the fox hunts there. Maxl, who has no last name and feels no need of one, is perpetually worried about the fox hunts because the army keeps digging up the Grunewald for war maneuvers and someday one of his horses is going to put a hoof in a hole and bust something essential to equine survival.

We fell into a desultory conversation. He admired the pens. I admired the whisk broom in his green Tyrolean hat. Suddenly, he brightened. It was as rare as a smile from Molotov. The whisk broom, he said, was made from the tail of a fox. "Ach, zo?" I said in my faultless German.

In Berlin, you see, there are no foxes for the fox

Richard Wald of THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE started his working career tagging dresses in the Manhattan factory where his father was general manager. While studying at Columbia he clerked in nearby retail haberdashery stores. Wald's part-time business career obviously did not interfere with his studies: he won a Phi Beta Kappa and a Kellet Fellowship to Cambridge's Clare College. In 1955 he joined the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE as general assignment reporter covering City Hall and writing Sunday features. He is now a member of THE TRIB's London staff.



By Richard C. Wald

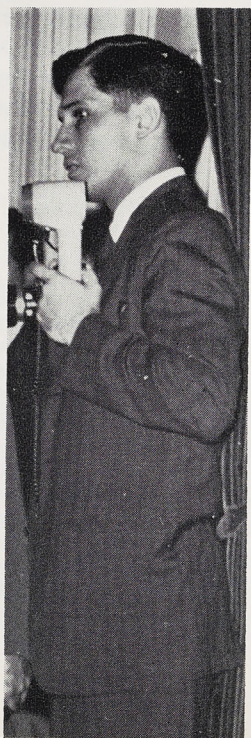
hunters to hunt. Since there is a wall around the place that would make it most inconvenient if the fox should not run a proper path anyway, this is not too great a tragedy. The hunters, in their pinks and boots and paraphernalia, chase a good looking blonde who has a fox tail tied to her. The blonde is given a ten-minute start but she usually gets caught after a few hours of riding. The game is to grab the tail, at which time the cry of "Fuchs ist Todt" is raised and everyone makes believe the fuchs is indeed todt.

In Maxl's hat, I was told, was the tip of the last tail of the last fox actually caught in the Grunewald by a bona fide hunt—which does not include heavy bombing raids, depredations by German or alien soldiers or the inroads made by bootless civilians following the war.

"Even here," Maxl said with a sweep of the hand that covered the ball-point pens, the Mercedes showroom, the jewelry displays and the modern office buildings, "even here we can remember the better times." ■

By Frank Beatty

United Press International's Frank Beatty is a 32-year-old native of Atlanta, Ga. who has been his agency's Newspictures manager for Latin America since 1961, headquartered in Buenos Aires. He joined UPI in his home town, later worked in North Carolina and Florida.



of covering the complete annihilation of 5,000-plus persons who never knew what hit them. After several hours of sloshing through mud, ice and snow we were ready to call it quits when we came upon a rather strange scene. Directly beneath a huge wooden makeshift cross stood a group of 18 Peruvians, each with a small glass of Pisco, the Peruvian national drink. The spokesman of the group explained that they were survivors of the old city and were laying the cornerstone of what would be the new one. We accepted their invitation and drank with them. Afterwards the new "mayor" wrote our names in their mud-stained book and proclaimed us the 19th and 20th co-founders of Ranrahrica II.

Being the only folks present from the outside world Carlos and I were something of a rarity and we departed with the promise that a street would be named in our honor.

Someday an anthropologist will be making his way through the Andes, doing research on the Incas. Can you imagine the look on the guy's face when he comes upon Beatty Boulevard? ■

The Grassroots Weren't Green

The day I arrived in Timbuktu made history. Generations of African and French school children will have to memorize it and write essays about it. The only trouble, as far as I was concerned, was that the excitement did not take place in Timbuktu.

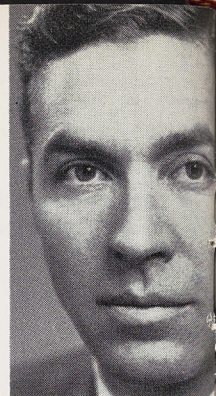
I was the Times' trusted man-in-Algiers then. After two years of toil and daily reading of the local fever charts I had decided that the time was ripe for one of those trips editors always urge on their correspondents but really don't want them to take. I was going to report how people lived in the Sahara—at the grassroots level as it were. People (and grassroots) being hard to come by in the Sahara, this took some time. For three weeks I traveled in a Land Rover, camped with the blue-veiled nomads and at night listened to the camels braying—if that's what camels do. I wrote incisive reports about the sights and smells I encountered, noting dutifully and with more honesty than journalistic flair that nothing had changed in at least a thousand years.

The latter observation, together with the fact that there was no way of filing the stories I had written, became oppressive after a while. I began to suspect that my trip was not altogether a success. And by the time I hit Timbuktu, by far the largest place on the itinerary, I was determined to find a new peg which would restore the good humor of my editors.

Then suddenly news came in the unlikely form of a fine figure of an elderly gentleman with a splendid white beard, clad in turban and pale blue boubou (flowing robe). He was resting, stretched out on the sand in the

By Henry Tanner

Henry Tanner, a newspaperman since 1941, has covered most of Europe, the Middle East as well as Mexico. Even while based in Washington he specialized in foreign affairs, covering the State Department and the Embassy beat. Starting with the United Press in Zurich in 1941, Tanner joined *Time & Life* in 1946 as a European correspondent. He then worked for the *HOUSTON POST* and the *NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE* before joining *THE NEW YORK TIMES* in 1958.



shade of one of those mosques that look like porcupines because of the dozens of wooden sticks that protrude from their walls. The old man seemed to be sleeping in a bedroom that stretched for a few thousand miles in each direction.

I tried to tiptoe past the sleeper, a good ten feet away. But the wind got hold of the sand that had been loosened by my footsteps and blew it across his face. He woke with a start.

"You French?" he asked, "No? American?" And then triumphantly: "You must know Captain Hyacinth." Disappointed that I didn't know the captain with whom he said he once sailed to Manhattan many years ago, he changed the subject and announced, proudly: "I am in political exile here."

He explained that he had been a postal clerk in Bamake, the big town and future capital, but was sent to Timbuktu because he was "against independence and all that nonsense."

"You get troubles when you stir up things," he said, "see where it got them in Algeria; now they are shooting at each other there."

Feeling secure in my superior knowledge, I told him,

DATELINE: FERNANDO PO

"Liberation" Can Wait

On Africa's west coast lie two small, almost forgotten colonies of Spain—the off-shore island of Fernando Po, named for a long-departed saint, and the jungle paradise of Rio Muni where the crashing of elephants drowns out the grunt of the wild gorilla. The other jewels of Spain's imperial coffer have long since been pawned, lost or sold and now Fernando Po and Rio Muni alone remain of an empire that once straddled the globe.

To an orbiting astronaut they might look like two gay little postage stamps stuck on the African coast. But to the occasional reporter who boards a creaky DC-3 at Douala in the Cameroons and flies half an hour across the Gulf of Guinea with frocked Spanish friars, portly planters and excited school children, Fernando Po is a miniature Spain blooming in the African jungle.

Here in Santa Isabel, the port capital, are palm-fringed cathedral plazas, arcades with their tobacco shops and noisy taverns, the patioed houses of Seville, the furious, honking traffic, the same boyish sailors gently teasing knots of giggling girls in tight skirts and high heels. At sunset the planters in white suits and their wives in

pastel frocks gather on the terrace of the Club Nautica, play cards, sip the chilled red wine "sangria" and talk, talk, talk until after midnight. Faintly from the fringes of town, the wind carries the hymn singing of the Protestant Nigerian natives imported on two-year contracts to work in the cacao plantations.

Because these two small colonies are far from Spain—seventeen hours by Spanish airliner or two weeks in a grubby lumber boat—Fernando Po and Rio Muni have long been the fief of the Spanish Navy; governed by

By Benjamin Welles

Benjamin Welles of *THE NEW YORK TIMES* is one of the few members of his profession who was born to an international background. Welles is the son of veteran U. S. Diplomat Sumner Welles and he first saw the light in Tokyo 47 years ago. Graduating from Harvard in 1938, Welles joined *THE TIMES* as a copy boy, was later sent on Central American assignments. After serving in the U.S. Army during World War II, Ben Welles went first to Peiping for *THE TIMES*, later to London, SHAPE headquarters and, finally, in 1956, to Madrid. He is now on leave of absence, editing the papers of his late father.



yes I knew, I lived there, and the shooting between the French and the Moslems had been going on for years.

"That's not what I mean," he said, "since yesterday, French civilians and French soldiers are shooting it out in the center of Algiers; many, many have been killed."

I found out later that he was right: The day before, on January 24, 1960, French extremists had opened fire on French soldiers, killing about twenty. Then the extremists set up barricades in the heart of the city and called for a mass uprising. All this immediately beneath the balcony of the Times' office—my office.

Complacently at first, and then in a growing frenzy, kicking up clouds of sand in the "streets" of Timbuktu, I sought to find out two things: How to get out of the Sahara in a hurry; and what had really happened in Algiers.

The answer to the first question was simple: With luck and a shrewd combination of travel by trucks and later planes (leaving friends and Land Rover behind) I might get to Paris in a little more than a week.

To the second question there was no answer—at least not in Timbuktu. At the Medersa, the famed Islamic school, they didn't know and didn't care; the one or two merchants likely to have contact with the outside world didn't know; names and whereabouts of local officials remained a secret that could not be cracked; the commander of a company of French desert troops stationed in the town confirmed the first days' shooting but said he had lost contact after that. The only radio I could find did not work.

When I reached Algiers about ten days later, the last insurgents had just come out from behind the barricades. Two dozen newsmen were waiting at the airport for planes to go home. I tried to tell my friends about life in the Sahara. But they weren't interested. ■

DATELINE: UGANDA

Ah, Chicago!

Every foreign correspondent picks up stories that stick with him — even though some never reach the telegraph editors' desks.

It was during the joyous, tumultuous autumn celebration of Uganda's independence and like every correspondent, I wanted to tell readers just what independence means to the average African.

I singled out an African drummer, among a dozen providing the beat for a group of happy dancers going through something that looked like the twist.

"What do you think of independence?" I asked.

"Very good," the African replied.

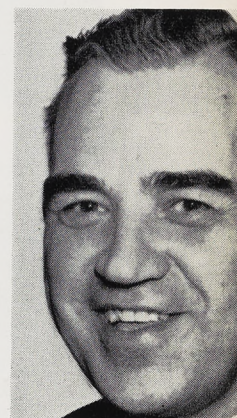
"How do you expect freedom to change your life?"

The African looked thoughtful a moment, then replied:

"Are there many Africans in America? I would like to go to Chicago." ■

By Lynn Heinzerling

Lynn Heinzerling's coverage of African trouble-spots as Associated Press bureau chief in Johannesburg won for him a Pulitzer Prize in 1960 and an OPC award in 1961. In 24 years abroad for the AP, Heinzerling covered World War II, went to Vienna and West Germany after the war, and followed a three-year stretch in Africa with two years as assistant chief of the London bureau. Born in Birmingham, Ohio, and an Ohio Wesleyan man, Heinzerling, 56, is now chief of the AP's Columbus, Ohio, bureau.



easy-going admirals with the assistance of local planters or lumber kings. But lately, unlike Portugal in nearby Angola, Spain has begun scenting the rising wind of African nationalism. The Spanish whites form only 2% of the 40,000 population of Fernando Po or of the 200,000 in Rio Muni, and so in recent years Spain has transformed her "colonies" into "provinces", granting full citizenship to her natives and naming the cleverest among them administrators, Procuradores (Deputies) to the Cortes in Madrid or even delegates to the United Nations.

Madrid, moreover, has kept her whites and Negroes content by granting both low customs tariffs for imported goods, and also high local wages and high prices for their cacao or lumber exports. An imported Chevrolet truck will pay 10% duty in the two provinces of Spanish Guinea compared with 90% or more duty in Spain. This economic largesse plus an alert Spanish police network has kept subversion to a minimum and meanwhile the newly-freed African neighbors — Gabon, Cameroon and Nigeria — remain friendly.

Politics seem far away though on the lonely, magnificent beaches of Rio Muni where the Atlantic breakers curl in endless succession and the palm fronds rustle in the slow wind. Along jungle trails inland natives will peer, then shyly wave at your jeep. They are economi-

cally better off than their tribal relatives across the border and the Spaniards travel everywhere among them unarmed and peacefully. In bright new towns with such names as Sevilla de Niefang or Valladolid de los Bimbiles the natives throng in the markets exchanging their produce for canned goods or for bolts of gay calico prints from Antwerp or Birmingham. By day's end, often tipsy on beer, they must be gently shepherdd onto homeward buses by native constables under Spanish officers.

At sunset your jeep will grunt up a steep hill to a verandahed house. A young Spanish planter in white will greet you and soon you will be seated on a terrace high over a jungle river where logs lie waiting to be sawed up and transported back to Spain.

The planter will clap his hands and a smiling African boy, spotless, too, in white shorts and singlet, will appear to offer you an ice cold whisky-and-soda in faultless Castillian. The sun is setting, the mountains loom up blue over on the horizon and deep in the jungle the monkeys have begun chattering; doubtless from sheer jealousy.

One day, no doubt, these last of Spain's colonies will certainly have to be "liberated" from imperialism's oppressive heel. However... "wiv a little bit o' luck" and God's grace it may not happen too soon. ■

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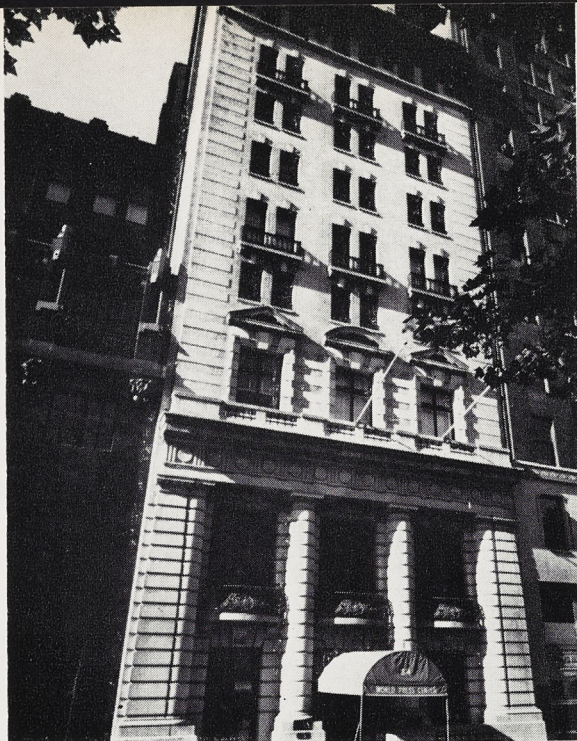


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The Hows and Whys of the OPC

The Overseas Press Club of America, now in its 25th year, exists for reasons stated in its constitution:

...to bring together men and women whose past or present activities in the service of or for American journalism abroad have given them mutual interests;

to provide facilities for the expression of these interests in order to disseminate democratic principles, achieve international understanding, and advance the national welfare;

and to encourage and maintain the highest standards of independence and professional integrity and skill in the American overseas press service.

In pursuit of these objectives, the OPC has grown from 42 founding members in 1939 to its present 3,047. Where once a rent-free office on the mezzanine of the Gladstone Hotel sufficed, then a two-room suite in the Times Tower, in time the club even outgrew a handsome five-story headquarters on East 39th Street. Since 1961

The New Overseas Press Club Foundation

Why another Foundation?

This is the most commonly asked question about the formation of the Overseas Press Club Foundation. Members feel that the "Correspondents Fund of the Overseas Press Club" has served well as an entity to receive funds on a favorable basis to be used for the Overseas Press Club which then pays appropriate interest on such funds. In this manner, over \$800,000 has accrued to the Correspondents Fund, and most of it is invested in the present headquarters building at 54 West 40th Street. The Club then pays rent to the fund amounting to 4½ per cent of the funds invested.

However, under the charter of the Correspondents Fund, set up in 1942 by the Club, actual disbursement of this income is limited to "temporary emergency relief to persons who have served the American press abroad."

While this is a most worthy objective, and while it has been handled admirably by the trustees of the Fund, the field in which it may be active is most limited. Essentially, it is a charitable organization.

The concept of the Overseas Press Club Foundation is infinitely broader.

It also desires to have the status of a philanthropic organization eligible to accept contributions which can be considered tax-deductible, but it will use the money in a vastly different manner.

The new Foundation would take as its field of interest the entire area of international mass communications. It would undertake projects to improve the effectiveness of foreign correspondents and the widening of appreciation of their role in providing understanding of international affairs.

What would be specific objectives?

1. A Freedom of the Press Center. This would be built on the fourth floor of the present headquarters building, now used for random operations. The center would provide the Freedom of the Press Committee with permanent offices—thereby stimulating its world-wide day-to-day search for action to relieve violations of press freedoms such as arrest of correspondents, imposition of censorship, or suppression of publications.

But such a center would do more.

Preliminary plans call for it to have an ample working press room, an effective and professionally staffed reference library attached to the press room, and for the re-building and maintenance of the Memorial Library across the front of the building on this floor.

2. Educational Projects to Stimulate and Improve Foreign Correspondence. The Board of Governors has already passed a resolution asking that various club projects be grouped under one phase of the new Foundation's sponsorship. These projects would include the seminars on communications, the annual College Editors Conference, the High School Editors Conference, the Latin-American seminars and other programs aimed at interesting exceptional journalists in specializing in foreign affairs.

3. Fellowships in Foreign Correspondence. A program of sending young journalists overseas to work on daily newspapers in foreign countries will be set up. An example is a recent club fellowship sending a journalism graduate to work on the Bangkok World. Refinement and development of the program would mean annual

the club has occupied an 11-story building on West 40th Street owned by the Correspondents Fund, the charitable fund set up by the OPC in 1943 to aid foreign correspondents and their families.

Growth has its price. In 1947, in the Times Tower days, annual dues were \$25. In 1954, a Martini at the OPC bar cost 65 cents. As of May 1, 1963, annual dues for active and associate resident members were \$75, and the price of a Martini had soared to 80 cents. To manage its growth the OPC has had to organize a number of standing committees—admissions, budget & finance, building, credit, house operations.

But growth has not become an end in itself. Over the years the OPC has faithfully pursued the larger goals embodied in its charter. The scope and seriousness of the OPC's commitment to the American overseas press service are suggested in the titles of some of its other standing committees—freedom of the press, inter-American affairs, schools of journalism, youth & student activities, to name a few. And now there is to be the new OPC Foundation (see below).

Perhaps no single effort better reflects the OPC's concern with professional standards than the work of the

awards committee. Each year this committee singles out for OPC awards and citations those reporters in all news media whose work in fact expresses "the highest standards of independence and professional integrity and skill in the American overseas press service."

There is, of course, much more to the OPC's commitment and much more to its function as a "world press center." There is, for example, the OPC *Bulletin*, which goes out to more than 3,000 members every week—more than 400 of them currently stationed abroad. There are the "book nights," which regularly bring distinguished authors of significant or timely books to the club for give-and-take discussions. There are the OPC luncheon press conferences which in the past year alone provided platforms for such newsmakers as Chancellor Alfons Gorbach of Austria; President Felix Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast; Archbishop Makarios III, president of Cyprus; Jorge Alessandri of Chile; and King Hassan II of Morocco.

Over and above everything else, the OPC's commitment to the American overseas press service is expressed in the 93 members of the OPC who died doing their jobs in the past quarter of a century.

fellowships helping young journalists to know the countries which would seem to be fertile areas for further study and reporting, leading to the development of expert foreign correspondents knowledgeable in these areas.

4. **A Publication and Film Program** would call for dissemination of material documenting the techniques, tools and experiences of the foreign correspondent so that those entering the profession and those desiring to improve themselves would have such available.

How will the money be raised for the new Foundation?

There will be no general fund-raising among members. But the Board of Governors of the OPC has designated this year's annual awards dinner as a benefit for the new Overseas Press Club Foundation. It is hoped that this will be the first of a series of events such as film and theater premieres, special balls, or other activities which lend themselves to fund-raising. The Foundation, itself, like the Correspondents Fund, is not a fund-raising organization. It is a fund-receiving and fund-guardian body. The OPC itself, as always, will have to develop appropriate sources of income. The Fund will serve as a tax-deductible recipient as its activities confirm its purposes.

In addition, by brochures and personal approaches, it is hoped to interest large philanthropic organizations in lending support to the worthwhile aims of the new OPC body, aims which are not duplicated anywhere else by public spirited foundations. Such brochures, authorized by the Board of Governors, are now in preparation.

Who will control the new OPC Foundation?

On February 1, 1961, the Overseas Press Club Board of Governors approved the incorporation of the new philanthropic organization, specifying that it have 21 trustees to be elected for terms of office of three years,

with one-third expiring each year. These trustees are: Edward Barrett, Charles Campbell Jr., Henry Gellerman, Quincy Howe, Dickson Hartwell, Matthew Huttner, William Laurence, John Luter, Kathleen McLaughlin, Joseph Newman, Will Oursler, Willis Player, Quentin Reynolds, Inez Robb, Madeline Ross, Harrison Salisbury, Vincent Sheean, Lowell Thomas, Spencer Valmy, Will Yolen, and John Wilhelm.

These trustees have then elected the following officers:

President:	Lowell Thomas
Vice Presidents:	John Luter Dickson Hartwell Inez Robb
Secretary:	John Wilhelm
Treasurer:	Matthew Huttner

The trustees have also approved by-laws under which the Foundation will function. Offices are being set up in the present headquarters building.

The initial goal, recommended to the trustees, is \$100,000 for the building of the Freedom of the Press Center.

Help and suggestions in connection with this important Freedom of the Press project inaugurating the Overseas Press Club Foundation's activities will be welcomed from all members of the Overseas Press Club. There is not the least doubt of the important work to be undertaken by such a center. Its creation will be of lasting credit to the Overseas Press Club of America.

The other projects, such as the seminars, the publication and the fellowships, will also be included in the coming program for this year, while the wide aim of the Foundation will permit it to span the far horizons of foreign correspondence for other special studies too long neglected in our profession.

CORRESPONDENTS FUND

of The Overseas Press Club of America

A correspondent of many years experience became seriously ill between jobs. Without medical insurance, with his severance pay used up and with children to educate, he incurred heavy hospital and medical expenses.

A leading foreign correspondent found his savings eaten away by what proved to be a fatal illness and needed care over a long terminal period.

A nationally known broadcaster ran into a period of rough sledding and needed the help of an extensive medical rehabilitation program.

A war correspondent was killed as a result of military action. His insurance proved inadequate to the needs of his family.

However different the circumstances, very often the first need of a man or a family in trouble is money. In 1943 the Overseas Press Club of America established its Correspondents Fund to render such help to deserving men and women "who have served the American press, radio, newsreels, and allied American services of public information in foreign lands. . . ."

The Correspondents Fund offers aid to all such without regard to race, color, or creed. The individuals mentioned above—some OPC members, others not—are but a few of the beneficiaries of the Fund in the past twenty years.

After an initial fund raising campaign, the Fund had cash of \$9,700 in May 1943. Twenty years later, the Fund's assets now approach \$900,000. More than two-thirds of the total is represented by the eleven-story

building on West 40th Street the Fund owns. The Fund has leased the building to the OPC as its Memorial Press Center on a 99-year lease.

The amount of "temporary emergency relief" voted by the Fund's Executive Committee or its Trustees varies, of course, with the need of the applicant and the extent of other demands on the Fund. As the Fund's assets have grown, so has the Fund's ability to help. In the past twenty years, the Fund has made 217 grants to 62 individuals totaling more than \$64,000. Nearly one-third of that amount, some \$20,000, has been granted in the past two years alone.

With the passage of time, demands on the Fund will surely increase. Contributions to the Fund qualify as charitable deductions for Federal and New York State income tax purposes.

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*Deceased



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Progress is the word for Hilton Hotels. Next year the largest group of hotels to open in any single year will be welcomed into the Hilton family. They represent an investment of over \$200,000,000 which will bring more than 8,000 new guest rooms to the world traveler and create 12,000 new jobs for people in the areas. In addition these hotels will serve as a

stimulus to business and provide a center for community and international life in 12 important cities around the world. Individually the design and décor of each embodies the traditions of their particular locales. Collectively they, together with the 49 other Hilton Hotels, play a leading role in promoting peace through international trade and travel.

If grouped together these striking buildings, illustrated above, would form a whole new section of the mythical Hilton City of Fine Hotels.
1 Athens Hilton **2** Royal Tehran Hilton **3** London Hilton **4** Rotterdam Hilton **5** New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center **6** Cavalieri Hilton (Rome) **7** Tokyo Hilton **8** Portland Hilton (Ore.) **9** Kahala Hilton (Honolulu) **10** Montreal Airport Hilton **11** San Francisco Hilton **12** Washington Hilton



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Overseas Press Club



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OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB 1963 AWARDS

- Class 1** Best daily newspaper or wire service reporting from abroad.
Award to: Andrew C. Borowiec, Associated Press
Citation: Warren Rogers Jr. in *The New York Herald Tribune*
- Class 2-A** Best radio reporting from abroad.
Award to: Sidney Lazard, ABC News
Citation: Piers Anderton, NBC News
- Class 2-B** Best television reporting from abroad.
Award to: "The Tunnel," NBC News
Citation: Charles P. Arnot, ABC News
- Class 3** Best photographic reporting (still) from abroad.
Award to: Hector Rondon, *La Republica*—Associated Press Wirephotos
Citation: Horst Faas, Associated Press
- Class 4** Best photographic reporting (motion picture) from abroad.
Award to: "Polaris Submarine—Journal of an Underseas Voyage,"
NBC News
Citation: "Meet Comrade Student," ABC News Special Projects Division
- Class 5** Best magazine reporting of foreign affairs.
Award to: Robert B. Kaiser, Time-Life News Service
- Class 6-A** Best interpretation of foreign affairs, daily newspaper or wire service.
Award to: Flora Lewis, *The Washington Post*
- Class 6-B** Best interpretation of foreign affairs, radio.
Award to: Alexander Kendrick, CBS News
Citation: Joseph C. Harsch, NBC News
- Class 6-C** Best interpretation of foreign affairs, television.
Award to: CBS REPORTS: "East Germany—The Land Beyond the Wall,"
CBS News
Citation: Howard K. Smith, ABC News
- Class 7** Best book on foreign affairs.
Award to: *The Forgotten People*, by Seymour Freidin
Citation: *Strong Men Armed*, by Robert Leckie
- Class 8** Ed Stout Award for the best article or report on Latin America.
Award to: John E. Pearson, *Business Week*
Citation: TWENTIETH CENTURY: "So That Men Are Free," CBS News
- Class 9** E. W. Fairchild Award for the best business news reporting from abroad.
Award to: Joseph A. Livingston, *The Philadelphia Bulletin*
- Class 10** Robert Capa Award for superlative photography requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad.
Award to: Peter Dehmel and Klaus Dehmel, NBC News
- Class 11** George Polk Memorial Award for the best reporting requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad.
Award to: Dana Adams Schmidt, *The New York Times*



now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

More people are taking to the outdoor life...and taking Pepsi along! Light, bracing Pepsi matches your modern activities—the think-young life! Pepsi's sparkling-clean taste is never too sugary or sweet. And nothing drenches your thirst like a cold, inviting Pepsi. Think young—say "Pepsi, please!"



BEST DAILY NEWSPAPER OR WIRE SERVICE REPORTING FROM ABROAD

ANDREW C. BOROWIEC, *Associated Press*

AMS BUDGET (500)

NIGHT LEAD ALGERIA

BY ANDREW BOROWIEC

ALGIERS, FEB. 26 (AP)—MURDER STRUCK ALGIERS EVERY EIGHT MINUTES THROUGH THE NOON HOUR TODAY WHILE AUTHORITIES BEGAN A CAMPAIGN OF "EXPLAINING PEACE" TO ALGERIA'S ELECTED OFFICIALS.

EUROPEAN GUNMEN SWOOPED DOWN IN THREE WAVES ON THE HEART OF THE CITY, SHOOTING DOWN ALL MOSLEMS IN SIGHT. WITHIN 90 MINUTES AFTER 11 A.M., 11 CORPSES WERE PICKED UP ON THE RUE NICHELET AND THE RUE D'ISLY, THE CITY'S PRINCIPAL SHOPPING STREETS. BY NIGHTFALL, POLICE COUNTED 22 PERSONS KILLED AND A SCORE WOUNDED IN ALGIERS.

THOSE DEAD INCLUDED TWO EUROPEANS WHOSE HEADS WERE CUT OFF, APPARENTLY BY REVENGE-SEEKING MOSLEMS. FIFTEEN MOSLEMS WERE INJURED WHEN A BOMB HIDDEN IN A CAR EXPLODED IN THE SUPUR OF MAISON CARREE.

THE TOTAL TOLL OF ALGERIA'S MAJOR CITIES WAS 37 DEAD FOR THE DAY, PLUS MORE THAN 49 WOUNDED.

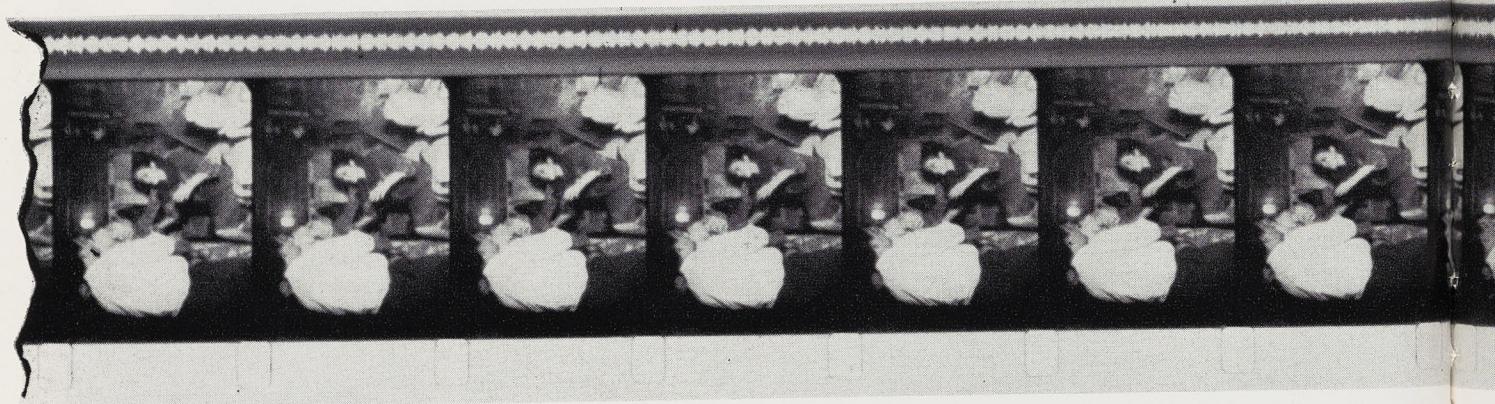
WHILE SHOTS RANG OUT IN ALGIERS, THE GOVERNMENT'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVE IN ALGERIA, JEAN MORIN, SUMMONED SOME 30 OFFICIALS

At the height of the Secret Army Organization's campaign of terror to keep Algeria French, Andrew Borowiec of the Associated Press worked out of the Hotel Aletti overlooking the Algiers waterfront. The Telex printer which moved his stories of the bloodbath to Paris was next to his bed. Those stories—eye-witness coverage of the terror, dispassionate and vividly detailed backgrounders, acute interviews with both Europeans and Arabs—won for Borowiec the OPC Award for best daily press reporting. (For more on Borowiec and for his observations on covering another part of Africa, see page 58.)

BEST RADIO REPORTING FROM ABROAD

SIDNEY LAZARD, ABC News

On Saturday morning, June 16, 1962, Sidney Lazard of ABC News in Algiers filmed an interview with Christian Fouchet, French High Commissioner in Algeria. One hour later, Lazard received a phone call from Fouchet's office asking that the interview be killed because the facts "were no longer valid." Since the interview was based on continued violence in Algeria, Lazard sensed something big and started digging at once. After checking both Secret Army and Algerian rebel sources, Lazard learned that both sides had reached agreements that in effect would end Secret Army terror in Algeria. Broadcast by ABC News that very night, Lazard's story scored a clean beat on the cease-fire and amnesty in Algeria and won for him the OPC Award for best radio reporting from abroad. (For more on Sid Lazard and for his account of a rather different assignment, see page 70.)



BEST TV REPORTING FROM ABROAD

Months of careful planning, brutally heavy labor and sustained courage in the face of endless obstacles went into the construction of a secret underground passageway from West to East Berlin. The story of the student engineers who built the passage and their success in bringing out 59 civilians from behind the infamous Berlin Wall were vividly recorded by NBC News and memorably presented in a 90-minute report

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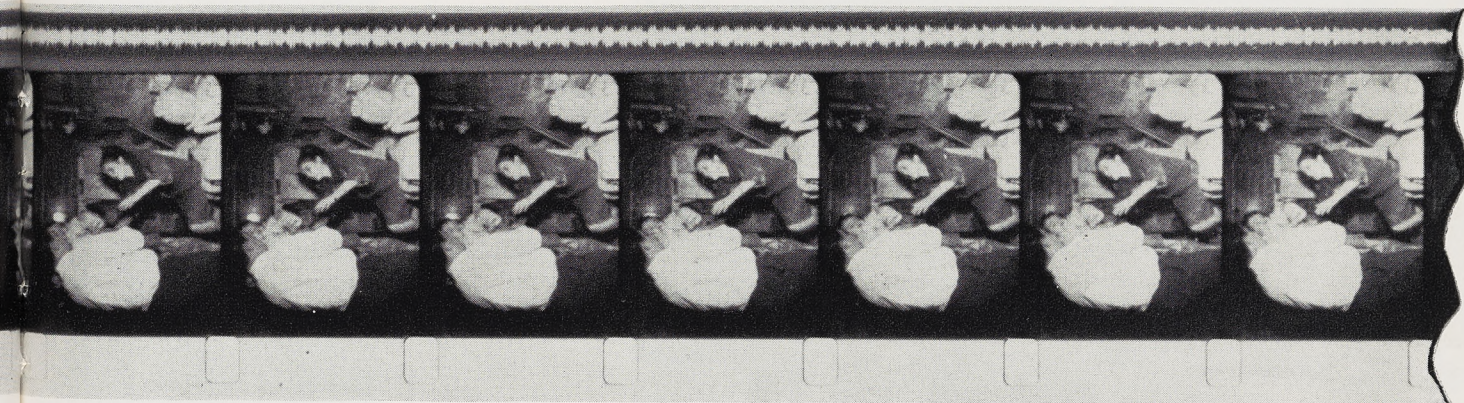
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PRESS AMCOCAST NEWYORK

00117 RADIO AND TELEVISION NEWSDESKS THE FOLLOWING ISFROM SID
LAZARD BY TELEPHONE SINCE RADIO CIRCUITS IMPOSSIBLE THIS LATE STOP
SECRET ARMY AND ALGERIAN REBELS REPORTED SIGNED PEACE TREATY
THUS ENDING BLOODY STRUGGLE AGLERIA AT LAST STOP AGREEMENT SCHEDULED
BE ANNOUNCED TOMORROW BY HIGH RANKING MEMBER SECRET

23/4

ARMY AND MOSLEM MEMBER OF PROVISIONAL EXECUTIVE STOP BOTH SIDES
REPORTED TO HAVE COME TO TERMS AFTER 15 ~~XXXX~~ X DAYS SECRET
NEGOTIATIONS WHEN REBELS FINALLY AGREED TO THREE SECRET ARMY
DEMANDS ONE GENERAL AMNESTY IN ALGERIA FOR ALL SECRET ARMY MEMBERS
TWO RECOGNITION BY REBELS OF SECRET ARMY AS REPRESENTATIVE ORGAN



"The Tunnel," NBC NEWS

called "The Tunnel," which won the OPC Award for best television reporting from abroad. (Piers Anderton of NBC News, who won an OPC Citation for his radio report of the daring escape scheme, played a key role in covering "The Tunnel." For his account of the extraordinary circumstances surrounding the story, see page 22.)

BEST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORTING (STILL) FROM ABROAD

HECTOR RONDON

La Republica

Associated Press

Wirephotos



"I was flattened against the wall while the bullets were flying when the priest appeared. The truth is, I don't know how I took those pictures. Lying on the ground, I just began shooting pictures while the bullets were whistling."

That is the way Hector Rondon of *La Republica* (Caracas) remembers the day in June 1962 when he shot this photo of a Venezuelan priest, a navy chaplain, trying to aid a soldier wounded during a revolt at the Puerto Cabello naval base. Circulated around the world by AP Wirephotos, the picture won the OPC Award for best still photographic reporting. The same picture was later awarded a Pulitzer prize. Before learning photography (from his brother-in-law), Rondon had worked in a glass factory, driven a taxicab, studied plumbing and played some semipro baseball. Rondon is now 29.

BEST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORTING (MOTION PICTURE) FROM ABROAD

"Polaris Submarine....

Journal of an Underseas Voyage"

NBC NEWS

NBC News' report of an extended cruise of the Polaris-firing *George Washington* was the first such to be made by a television crew on board a nuclear submarine. Balancing grim account with tension-relieving humor, reporter Martin Agronsky and cameraman Scott Berner sensitively conveyed the mood of men whose mission required them to live and travel aboard a vessel with fire power equal to all the bombs detonated in World War II. Berner's camera work won for NBC News' "Polaris Submarine—Journal of an Underseas Voyage" an OPC Award for best motion picture reporting. Berner, 41, pursued pre-medical studies at Mississippi State, broke into photo journalism when he joined the staff of WKY-TV in Oklahoma City in 1954. Berner has been a staff cameraman at NBC News in New York since 1961.



Everyone wants to see the other side of something

Be it over a fence in the back yard, through a curtain of "iron" or "bamboo," or simply across the barrier of miles, the other side is different, and worth seeing.

For most people your camera—and the perceptive eye that sees through it—are the only way. Your lens is a knothole for the world.

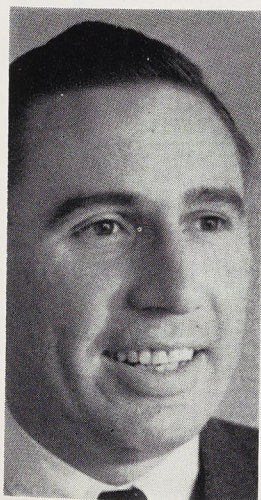
But to capture the *differentness* of the other side with technical ease, you need photographic materials with uncompromising *sameness*. We build it into Kodak materials, and call it uniformity.

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BEST MAGAZINE REPORTING OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ROBERT B. KAISER, *Time-Life News Service*

The meeting of 2,600 bishops of the Roman Catholic Church last fall for the Second Vatican Council was only the twentieth such gathering in the twenty centuries of Christian history. Among reporters in Rome to cover, probably none had a background more right for the assignment than Robert B. Kaiser, 32, Rome correspondent of the Time-Life News Service. A native of Detroit, Kaiser studied for the priesthood and taught Latin before he turned to journalism. After three years with *The Arizona Republican*, Kaiser became a correspondent for T-LNS and was assigned to Rome in April 1962. Kaiser's reporting there formed the basis of *Time's* extensive coverage of the Second Vatican Council and won for him the OPC Award for best magazine reporting of foreign affairs.

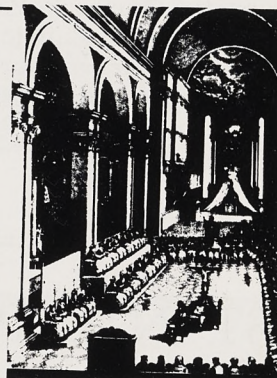


THE CHURCH IN COUNCIL

Dogma, Drama & Dudgeon

A GENERAL council," says the Most Rev. Thomas Roberts, retired Roman Catholic Archbishop of Bombay, "is a football match at which all the players are bishops." It is an apt likeness, for church councils of the past* were often tense and bitter.

The first eight councils were largely concerned with defining church doctrine. In the process of stamping out heresies, the fathers extracted from the message of Scripture the essential dogmas of the Trinity. Condemning the thought of an Alexandrian priest named Arius, First Nicaea ruled that Christ was divine—"the only begotten of the Father, of the same substance with the Father." Ephesus anathematized the Nestorians, because they refused to acknowledge Mary as *Theotokos*, the Mother of God. Chalcedon condemned the Monophysites, for de-



THE COUNCIL OF TRENT (1545-63)

of Christendom that came with the Reformation. The Council of Constance ended the Great Schism of the

RELIGION

Council of Renewal

(See Cover)

A fortnight hence in the Vatican, 2,600 bishops of the Roman Catholic Church will meet in a gathering

leaders—some auxiliary bishops, some Iron Curtain prelates—will begin their solemn session in St. Peter's Basilica, Bernini's piazza

Council's Prospects

aim of the Second Vatican Council is to bring the Church more in line with the modern world

The Cardinal's Setback

The motto on Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani's Vatican coat of arms is *Semper Idem* (Always the Same), and the cardinal has been clearly and consistently

The Council Opens

Telstar brought the pomp and circumstance of the Council to the United States and even a search

A Holy Boldness

For many Roman Catholics, the Second Vatican Council is a bold step

Best Seats in the House

Bishops like kings have tradition

"IF YOU COULD READ MY HEART"

ON PAPAL POWER: Insofar as it concerns my humble person, I would not like to claim any special inspiration. I content myself with the sound doctrine which teaches that everything comes from God.

ON OPENING THE COUNCIL: My eye ranged over the multitude of sons and brothers and suddenly as my glance rested upon your group, on each of you personally, I drew a special comfort from your presence. I will not say

more about that at the moment but will content myself with recording the fact: *Benedictus Deus per singulos dies* [Blessed be God each day as it comes]. Yet, if you could read my heart, you would perhaps understand much more than words can say.

ON THE FUTURE: It is now for the Catholic Church to bend herself to her work with calmness and generosity. It is for you to observe her with renewed and friendly attention.

BEST INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Daily Newspaper or Wire Service

FLORA LEWIS, *The Washington Post*

Some of the most perceptive reporting to come out of Europe in recent years is the work of a Phi Beta Kappa, *summa cum laude* graduate of U.C.L.A. who speaks five languages and is the mother of three children. Flora Lewis, now *Washington Post* correspondent in London, married Sydney Gruson of *The New York Times* in London just after World War II and thereupon began a long stint of free-lancing as *The Times* posted Gruson to Poland, Germany, Benelux, Israel, Mexico, New York, Prague, Warsaw, and Germany again. As *Washington Post* correspondent in Bonn, Flora Lewis' coverage of the Adenauer-deGaulle meetings last year won for her the OPC Award for best coverage of foreign affairs in the daily press. She won the same award in 1956.

BEST INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Radio

ALEXANDER KENDRICK, *CBS News*

Alexander Kendrick, London bureau chief of CBS News, joined CBS in 1948 after seventeen years with *The Philadelphia Bulletin* and a two-year hitch with the United Press as bureau manager in Moscow. Kendrick has been stationed in London since 1954, became bureau chief there in 1959. His expert grasp of British politics and Commonwealth affairs—at once sharp, perceptive, and scholarly—was especially evident in his coverage last year of Britain's negotiations to join the European Common Market. His reports, notably his "Special from London" broadcasts, won for him the OPC Award for best interpretation of foreign affairs, radio.

BEST INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Television

CBS Reports:

"East Germany...The Land Beyond The Wall", **CBS NEWS**

"It is slow and tortuous going through the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint to get to the other side of Khrushchev's wall. . . ."

So began CBS Reports' "East Germany—The Land Beyond the Wall," a memorable journalistic coup brought off against formidable odds. Reporter-commentator Daniel Schorr, producer Edward M. Jones, and executive producer Fred W. Friendly sweated out five months of negotiations with East German officials before winning permission to enter with cameras and tape recorders. The result was the first American-made television documentary report of daily life under the East German regime—winner of this year's OPC Award for best interpretation of foreign affairs, television.

Two Stubborn Old Men Crown a Relationship

By Flora Lewis

The Washington Post Foreign Service

PARIS—Both are old, both are stubborn. Both draw their power less from physical might than from the intense personal authority conferred by a vision of Europe's renaissance. These things France's Charles de Gaulle and Germany's Konrad Adenauer have in common.

But they are two very different men

in their personalities carry into equal differences of impetus.

The British say frankly that the coming week is the danger point, a moment of prime decision, for British history at which they will not even be present. The reason for their concern is that they believe they know de Gaulle's vision: a great European power led by France and drawing strength enough from Germany, Italy and the Benelux countries to make it a de-

Sunday, December 9, 1962
8:15 - 8:30 P.M.

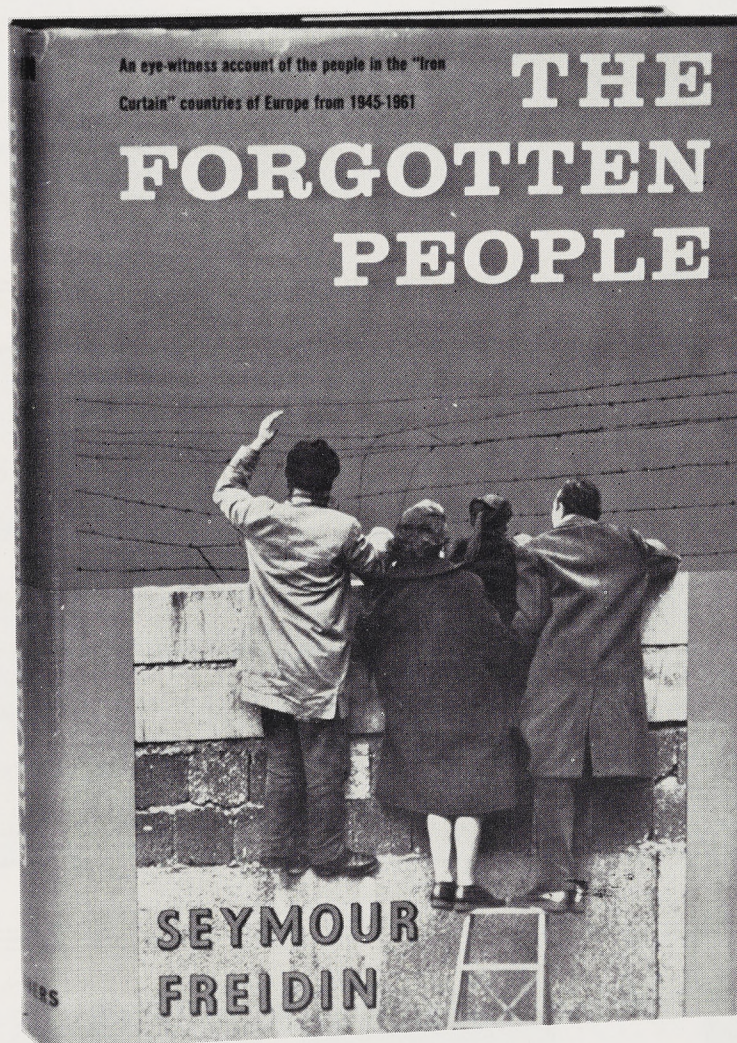
KENDRICK:

Out of the land of Shinar, or more accurately, the Balkans, came Nimrod the mighty hunter this week. It was Marshal Tito's first visit to the Soviet Union since 1956, and though his meeting with Soviet Premier Khrushchev was regarded as the second honeymoon by most of the Communist world, the Chinese in their upside-down way regarded it as less a love tryst than a tryst of conspirators, deviationists and wreckers of the true Communist cause. In the code



BEST BOOK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"The Forgotten People", by SEYMOUR FREIDIN



Winner of the OPC Award for the best book on foreign affairs was Seymour Freidin's *The Forgotten People*. The book traces fifteen years of attempts to Sovietize 100 million Eastern Europeans, drawing heavily on Freidin's long first-hand experience among them. The death of the Czech republic, the Poznan uprising, the Hungarian revolution, the building of the Berlin Wall... *The Forgotten People* is largely a chronicle of naked aggression from the East, of helplessness in the West. But weaving through the book is a hopeful thesis. The brutal repression of the Hungarian revolution and the walling-off of East Berlin, Freidin argues, are but two examples of Russia's failure to win the minds and hearts of the Eastern Europeans themselves. With spiritual and, in certain circumstances, physical backing, Freidin believes that in time these people can free themselves. (For Si Freidin's views on jet-age journalism, see page 16.)

ED STOUT AWARD

For The Best Article or Report on Latin America

JOHN E. PEARSON, *Business Week*

Latin America

South of the border, the climate is charged with revolution—as in Brazil (picture), other trouble spots

The region is moving away from U.S., toward socialism and neutralism

Business investment is drying up as the risks continue to mount

The potential is still there—but can it be realized amid the turmoil?

Latin America today is heading for its worst troubles ever.

Grassroots revolution—social, economic, and political—is replacing the old treadmill of palace revolts and economic stagnation. And time

zuela, the military use tanks to stage coups in Buenos Aires and Lima, women riot in Rio de Janeiro over food shortages, and guerrillas maneuver in the hills of Guatemala. Referring to the Latin American fer-

Just five months after he returned to New York from a six-year stint as *Business Week* correspondent in Mexico City and Caracas, John E. Pearson headed south again to research a special report on the political, social, and business climate in Latin America. In addition to first-hand knowledge of the area, Pearson brought a rich background to the assignment. A physics major at Harvard (Class of '44), Pearson did graduate work in English literature and philosophy at the University of Minnesota. Now assistant foreign editor of *Business Week*, Pearson, 38, wrote a report notable for its range and for its insights into Latin America's troubled economies. Pearson's work won for him the Ed Stout Award for the best article or report on Latin America.

E. W. FAIRCHILD AWARD

For Best Business News Reporting From Abroad

JOSEPH A. LIVINGSTON

The Philadelphia Bulletin

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The E

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1962

The Common Market

Eurocrats Hold the High Cards In World Game of Business, Politics

By J. A. LIVINGSTON
Bulletin Financial Editor

"It would be unwise not to pay attention to the designs and actions of the men behind European integration" . . . N. S. Khrushchev, Premier of the USSR.

"The Common Market is a constitutional revolution—a constant process of change" . . . Jean Monnet, co-founder of the European Economic Community or Common Market.

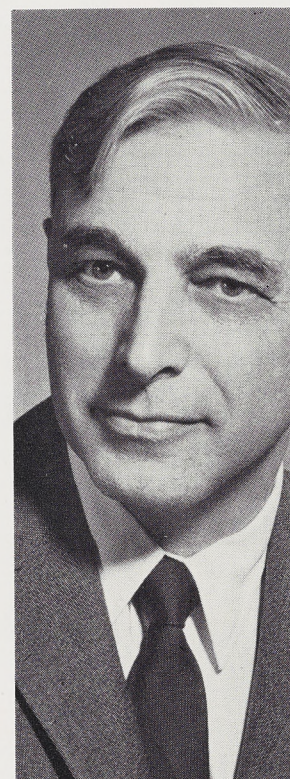
The first fact for a discerning American to know about the Common Mar-

circumstance, not only a professor of law in his native Germany but also in the United States. He doesn't use words lightly, nor is he to be taken lightly.

Hallstein's Law School

As a German prisoner during World War II, he was interned in Mississippi. There he gave law courses to fellow German captives whose university careers had been interrupted. This was known as the "Hallstein Law School" in America, and subsequently German universities allowed students credits for the Hallstein courses.

Hallstein and his right associates on



Joseph A. Livingston, financial editor of *The Philadelphia Bulletin* since 1948, is perhaps best known through his syndicated column, "Business Outlook." Last fall, Livingston spent two months in Europe on a major assignment: to analyze the growth of the Common Market and assess its impact on the United States. Livingston talked to men in government, business, and finance on both sides of the Iron Curtain—in Brussels, Stockholm, Helsinki, Warsaw, Krakow, Prague, Vienna, Frankfurt, Bonn, Cologne, Paris, London, and Moscow. The resulting series of articles in *The Bulletin* won for Livingston the E. W. Fairchild Award for the best business news reporting from abroad.



ROBERT CAPA AWARD

For Superlative
Photography Requiring
Exceptional Courage and
Enterprise Abroad

Peter Dehmel and Klaus Dehmel
NBC News

Shooting film with a hand-held camera...lying prone in cramped areas...changing film every 100 feet surrounded by sand and mud...a single light source precariously rigged....To all these difficulties add the need for utter secrecy in filming the construction of an escape route from East Berlin. For shooting NBC News' "The Tunnel" under these circumstances, Peter Dehmel (right) and Klaus Dehmel (left) received the Robert Capa Award for superlative photography requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad. For Peter, 28, "The Tunnel" was his first assignment as principal cameraman. His brother Klaus, 25, was assistant cameraman on the story.

GEORGE POLK MEMORIAL AWARD

For the Best
Reporting Requiring
Exceptional Courage
and Enterprise Abroad

DANA ADAMS SCHMIDT
The New York Times

From his base in Beirut, Dana Adams Schmidt covers the Middle East for *The New York Times*. Schmidt spent six weeks in hazardous and, at times, highly dangerous travel last summer to reach and talk with the leaders of the Kurdish revolt in Iraq. His reports in *The Times* on the Kurdish people, their cause, and their leader, Mustafa Barzani, constitute the fullest account yet published here of the greatest Kurdish rebellion of modern times and won for Schmidt the Polk Memorial Award for the best reporting requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad. (For Schmidt's own account of his six-week stay "somewhere in Iraq," see page 20.)

ctory in Iraq

**Warn U. S. to Give
Them Aid or They
Will Ask Soviet**

This is the first of four articles by a correspondent of The New York Times who spent several weeks in the Kurdish-held area of Iraq.

By DANA ADAMS SCHMIDT
Special to The New York Times.

**KURDS' HEADQUARTERS,
Somewhere in Northern Iraq,
Aug. 26—Gen. Mullah Mustafa
al-Barzani, leader of the Kur-**

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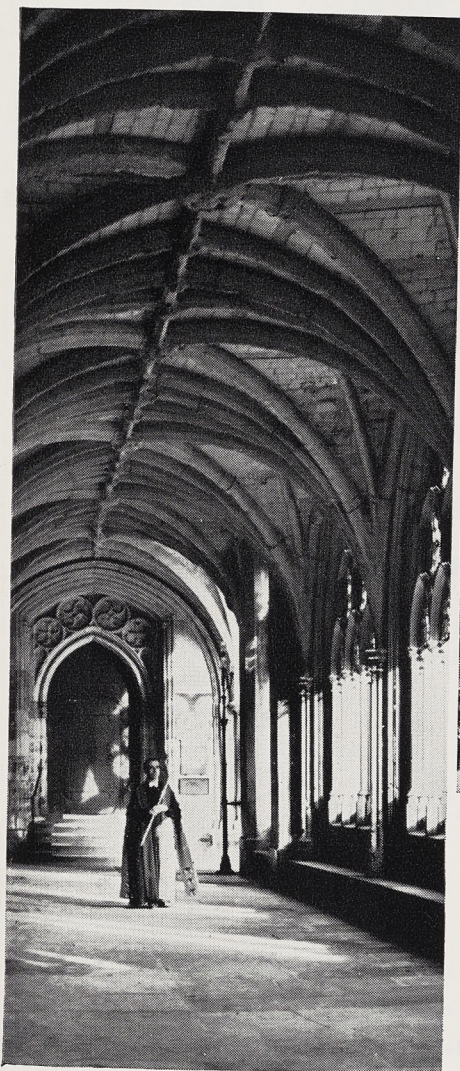
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and thatched cottages. A laughing, interesting people with faces that make pictures; personalities that make meetings delightful.

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1963 WINNERS — OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB AWARDS!

And our compliments to the newsmen who won honors in TWA's
Twenty-Fifth Annual Aviation Writing and Picture Competition!

PAUL J. C. FRIEDLANDER *N. Y. Times*
JOHN HEMMER *New York Mirror*
JERRY HULSE *Los Angeles Times*
RICHARD JOSEPH *Esquire*
DERO A. SAUNDERS *Forbes Magazine*
WILLIAM SCHRAMM WFIL-TV, Philadelphia
ROBERT J. SERLING *United Press Int'l*
CLYDE SHAFFER *Tampa, Fla., Tribune*
BRENTON WELLING, JR. *Business Week*
ARTHUR WITMAN *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
KENNETH SNELSON *CBS News*

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competition. For information write:

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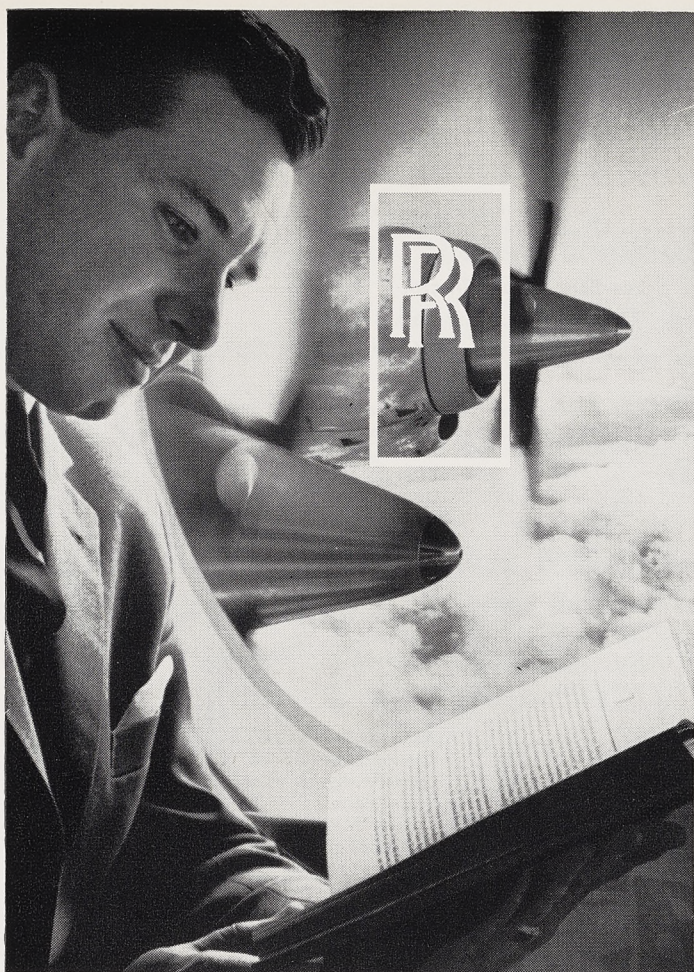
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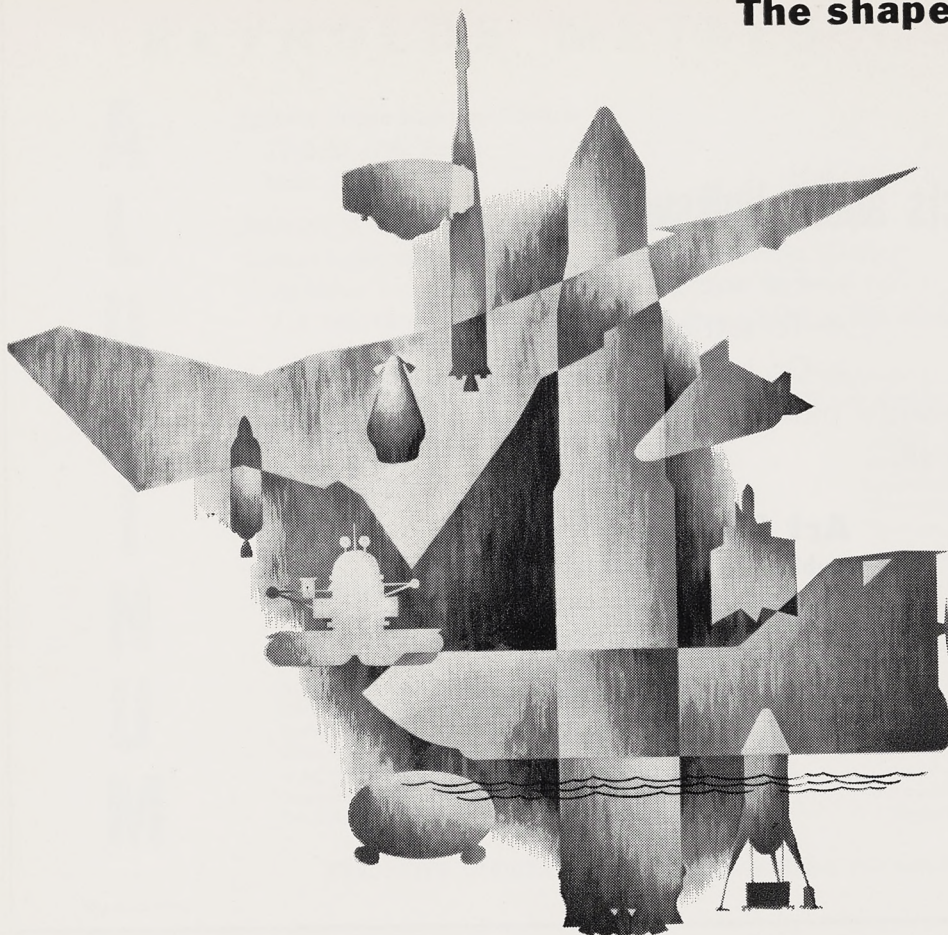
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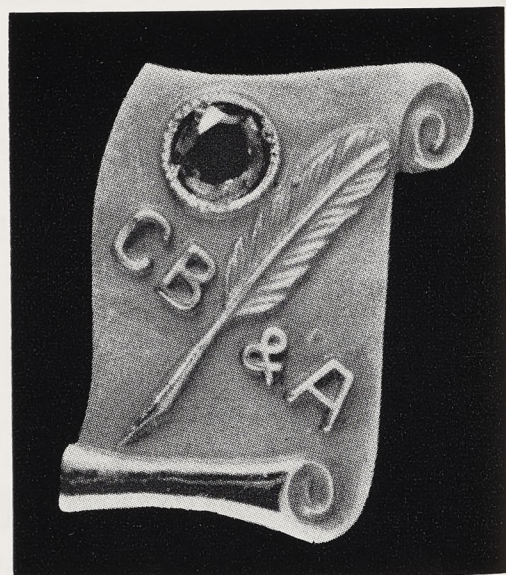


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Renberg, Mr. & Mrs. Werner	65
Reukauf, Miss Sally	11
Rhoades, Mr. & Mrs. A. J.	67
Riddleberger, Mr. & Mrs. Stephen	4
Riesel, Mr. & Mrs. Victor	1
Ritchie, Ambassador Charles	Dais
Robbins, Mr. & Mrs. Charles	77
Roberts, Mr. & Mrs. Brooks	68
Robinson, Mr. & Mrs. Gardiner	53
Rondon, Mr. Hector	7
Rooney, Mr. & Mrs. Andrew	20
Root, Mrs. Lin	Dais
Rosen, Mr. & Mrs. Fred	64
Rosenstock, Mr. Arthur	Dais
Rosenstock, Mrs. Arthur	45
Rossant, Murray	100
Roth, Mrs. Fortuna Calvo	14

<u>Name</u>	<u>Table No.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Table No.</u>
<i>-R-(Cont'd)</i>			
Rubenstein, Mr. & Mrs. Mort	3	Skinner, Mr. Harold S.	
Rueckriegel, Mr. Helmut	49	Skinner, Miss Reed (daughter)	63
Rundle, Mr. & Mrs. Walter	29	Skouras, Mr. & Mrs. Spyros P.	1
Rutman, Mr. & Mrs. Mark	21	Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Howard K.	4
Ryan, Mr. & Mrs. Cornelius	11	Smith, Mr. K.	37
Ryan, Mr. John & Guest	67	Smith, Mr. Kenneth	20
Ryle, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph	11	Smith, Mr. Ralph & Guest	72
<i>-S-</i>			
Salisbury, Mr. Harrison	55	Soos, Honorable George C.	28
Sattler, Mr. & Mrs. John E.	64	Speaks, Mr. & Mrs. Charles	50
Saunders, Mr. & Mrs. Dero	59	Speiser, Mr. & Mrs. Bart	87
Sawyer, Mr. Bayard	30	Squire, Mr. John	75
Schatz, Miss Mary Jane	87	Stanley, Mr. & Mrs. Ed.	35
Scherer, Mr. D. J.	37	Stanton, Dr. Frank	Dais
Schiff, Mrs. Dorothy	Dais	Stark, Mr. Morton	32
Schulman, Mr. Sam	11	Stein, Mr. Arthur	8
Schulz, Mr. Ralph	53	Stemple, Mr. & Mrs. David	24
Schultz, Mr. & Mrs. James A.	82	Stern, Mr. & Mrs. Ted	48
Schweitzer, Gwen	7	Stiles, Miss Vivien	54
Schwerens, Mr. & Mrs.	80	Stimson, Miss Ermina	32
Scott, Consul General Harry	Dais	Stindt, Mr. Gary	40
Scott, Mrs. Harry	2	Stivers, Mr. W.	84
Seamon, Mr. & Mrs. Richard	54	Stokovic, Miss Theresa	62
Sharkey, Mr. & Mrs. Samuel	35	Stone, Mr. Robert J.	63
Shefrin, Mr. & Mrs. David	19	Stone, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas A.	25
Sheldon, Mr. & Mrs. James H.	72	Stout, Mr. & Mrs. John	46
Shephard, Mr. D.	37	Stulz, T. J.	18
Sherman, Mr. & Mrs. Howard	39	Suelflow, Mr. Robert F.	18
Silver, Mr. H. Richard	72	Sullivan, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick J.	54
Sims, Mr. & Mrs. Watson	33	Sutherland, Mr. & Mrs. A.M.C.C.	25
Sinclair, Mr. Keith	41	Swain, Mr. & Mrs. Paul	39
Skedgell, Mr. & Mrs. Robert	12		

<u>Name</u>	<u>Table No.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Table No.</u>
Taft, Mr. & Mrs. Richard, J.	14	Wall, Mr. & Mrs. Al	29
Taggiasco, Mr. Ronald	30	Wallace, Mr. George	15
Talbert, Mr. & Mrs. Ansel E.	59	Wallace, Mr. & Mrs. Mike	1
Tarkington, Mr. & Mrs. Andrew	1	Warner, Mr. & Mrs. Hank	31
Tartarian, Mr. H, Roger	20	Wattles, Mr. & Mrs. Gerdon	8
Tavares, De Sa. Dr. Hernane	42	Wbster, Mr. & Mrs. Nick	34
Taylor, Mr. & Mrs. Harry	74	Weilburg, Mr. & Mrs. John	87
Teague, Mr. James	32	Wergeles, Mr. & Mrs. Ed	79
Thayer, Mr. & Mrs. Francis	39	Western, Mr. John	73
Thayer, Mr. Walter N.	Dais	Weybright, Mr. & Mrs. Victor	61
Thayer, Mrs. Walter N.	36	Whidden, Mr. Howard	30
Thomas, Mr. & Mrs. Richard	60	White, Mr. & Mrs. E. Laurence Jr.	8
Thorne, Mrs. Mary Jean	76	White, Mr. Lawrence	74
Tierney, Mr. John D.	26	White, Mr. & Mrs. Paul	20
Tinnin, Mr. David	75	Whitney, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas P.	7
Titze, Mr. Werner	41	Wiand, Mr. & Mrs. Burton	39
Tompkins, Mr. J.	37	Wigginton, Mr. Robert	76
Tornabene, Mr. & Mrs. Russ	35	Wilhelm, Mr. John	Dais
Towle, Miss Lucy	35	Wilhelm, Mr. John	53
Tremblay, Ambassador Paul	Dais	Willicombe, Mr. & Mrs Joseph	11
Tremblay, Mrs. Paul	2	Winship, Mr. Fred M.	76
Trevor, Mr. & Mrs. G.	11	Wolff, Mr. Georges	Dais
Turner, Mr. & Mrs. Richard	84	Wright, Mr. & Mrs. Ben	11

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Valmy, Mr. Spencer C.	Dais
Valmy, Mrs. Spencer C.	77
Valuchek, Mr. Andrew J. & Guest	82
Velotta, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas	34
Vogel, Mr. & Mrs. Ray	61

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Wagner, Mayor Robert	Dais
Wald, Mr. & Mrs. Richard C.	36

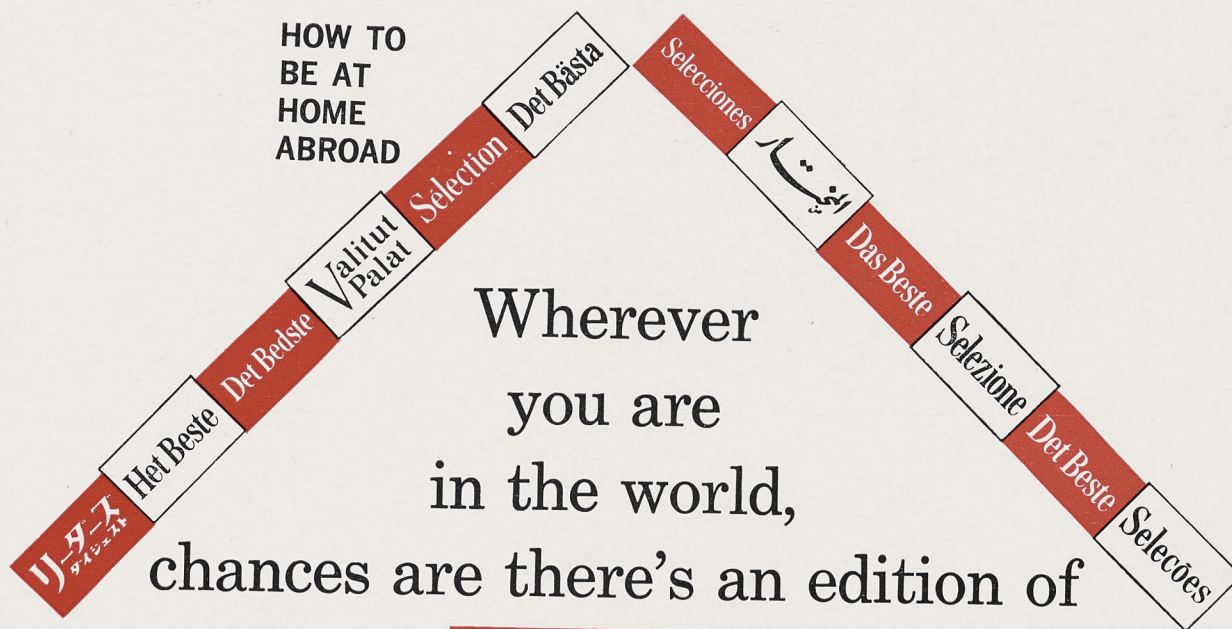
-Y-

Yarmon, Mr. & Mrs. Morton	61
Yolen, Mr. Will	Dais
Yolen, Mrs. Will	24
Yost, Ambassador & Mrs. Charles	36

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Zafrulla Khan, Muhammad	Dais
Zain, Mr. Mustafa	41
Zalaznick, Mr. & Mrs. Sheldon	23
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